

The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

MAY • 1953

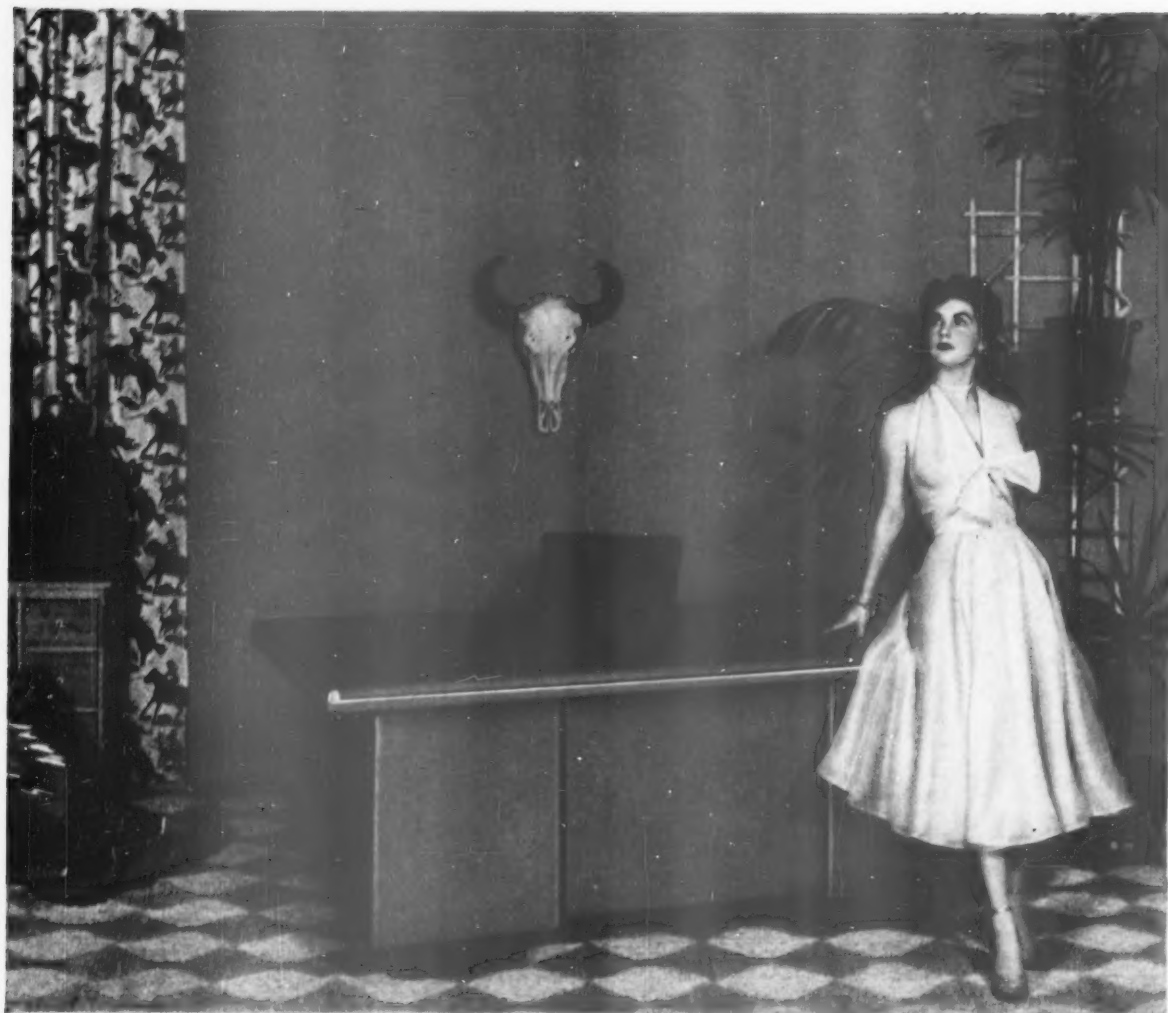
When Nations Trade
LUIS MACHADO

Paris Is Ready

Debate: On Taxing Co-ops

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Your Letters

'Should Be Required Reading'

Thinks CONRAD VANDERVELDE
Honorary Rotarian
Educator
Emporia, Kansas

If *Second Fiddle*, by Dwight Marvin [THE ROTARIAN for April], is not a true story, it still is a story true to Rotary everywhere, and is a fine picture of the type Rotary develops or draws into and retains in its membership. Nowhere in the qualifications for Rotary selection and membership do I find anything about "first fiddle" talent being necessary, but always a willingness to give the best and all we have.

This article should be required reading—home work—for all new Rotarians, and perhaps for some old ones as well.

'Every Club Has One'

Believes LEO J. SCHULA, Teacher
Secretary-Treasurer, Rotary Club
Charles City, Iowa

The April issue of THE ROTARIAN was by far the best in my recollection! Being a teacher, naturally I was greatly interested in the debate-of-the-month, *This School Business*, but many of the other articles, beginning with the guest editorial on to the *Personalia* department, were of unusual interest.

Never has one solitary issue offered so many suggestions for Club projects as suggested in the various stories of youth activities in athletics, music, and crippled children. *Second Fiddle*, by Dwight Marvin, was great. Every Club has one or there wouldn't be many Clubs left.

Similar Statements Heard

By ROBERT E. CURTIS, Rotarian
Supervising Principal
St. Johnsville, New York

[Re: *This School Business*, debate-of-the-month for April.]

In any organization there are people like the unhappy teacher who contributed to this debate. I have heard similar statements made by mill workers about the organization and the business world in which they are employed. I respect her "exaggerated" statements and feel as Matthew P. Gaffney stated in his article: "The tragedy isn't that so many of them leave the profession [teaching]; the tragedy is that so many of this type remain in it."

Education Includes Failure

Notes BRUCE LYBARGER
Public-School Teacher
Shasta City, California

With Helen Cranmer [*This School Business*, debate-of-the-month for April] I as a schoolman must agree on one important point. It is that it is a grave mistake to give pupils a passing grade whether or not they earn it.

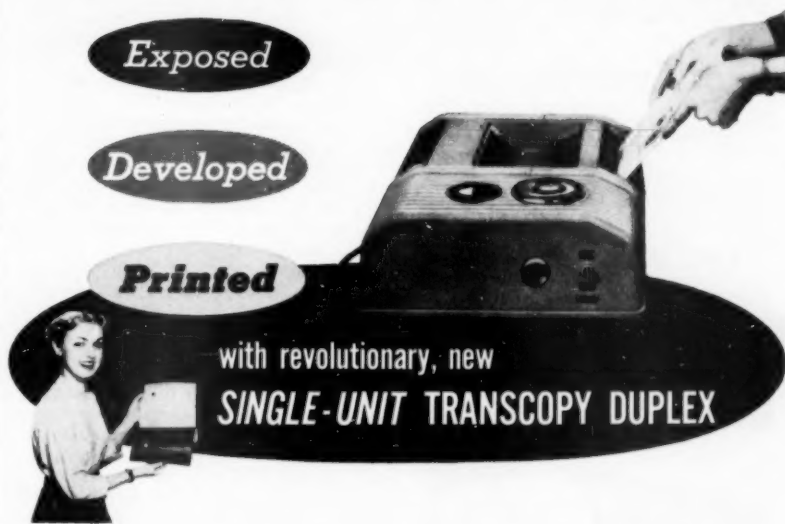
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against failure to prevent their developing an inferiority complex, whatever that is. But I think that most of us would admit that a child with a slight inferiority complex possesses charm not possessed by a child with an inflated ego and a superiority complex who utterly lacks character.

We must teach children to face temporary failure, at the same time teaching them that while facing failure they need not accept or embrace it. Charles Kettering says, "The only time you mustn't fail is the last time you try." Thomas Edison's life was one of more failures than successes. Failure is a part of the pattern of life.

While an overdose of failure can be disastrous, an overdose of success can be equally fatal. I know of parents who in playing checkers, dominos, or cards with their son make intentional misplays so the boy will always win. They don't want him to taste failure. Imagine what this child will face in school when he learns that his playmates won't throw a game so he can always win. As a result, he won't be able to face losing—and so he will stand on the sidelines and become a misfit: a product of an overdose of success.

The hothouse is a fine place to raise delicate flowers, but will never develop sturdy oaks.

Re: The March Cover

By F. C. WILLS, *Rotarian*
Manufacturer
Bath, England

I do not know whether those responsible for the selection of the photograph for the front cover of THE ROTARIAN for March had any idea that the bridge shown there had anything to do with Rotary. Well, it has, and I feel sure you will be interested to hear about it.

During World War II I met a Dutchman who had escaped from Alkmaar, Holland (the cover photo is of Alkmaar), just as the Nazi hordes entered the country, and he came to Bath, where his sister was living, she having married an Englishman. This young Dutchman

found employment with both the British and the Netherlands Ministry of Information in this country. As time passed by, he was able to learn of the sufferings of his fellow countrymen under the occupation—of their lack of food and clothes, of the confiscation of many household goods, tools, etc.; and of many other things. It was then I suggested to the members of the Rotary Club of Bath that we should "adopt" this town; we should collect clothes, money, books (all English books had been taken from the municipal libraries and burned in all



cities, towns, etc.), and when the enemy had been driven out of Holland, we could send relief to Alkmaar. This plan was adopted and so the Rotary Club of Bath became the first organization or town to "adopt" a Dutch town. Later many others followed.

The time came when we were able to send our collections to Alkmaar through the Red Cross. They consisted of 45,000 articles of first-class clothing, tinned food, toys, books, soap, etc., and with the money we were able to buy £3,000 worth of tools and more clothes, and also £1,000 to start a new English library. With the rest of the money—about £1,500—we were able to start a fund in Alkmaar to send sick children to a sanatorium—this fund still exists and is known as the Bath Fund.

Of course, [Continued on page 60]

Rotary Foundation Contributions

SINCE last month's listing of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 30 additional Clubs had at press time become 100 percenters. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 2,939. As of March 18, \$163,621 had been received since July 1, 1952. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership) are:

CANADA

North Bay, Ont. (75); Marpole (Vancouver), B. C. (51).

NEW ZEALAND

Westport (32).

PUERTO RICO

Mayagüez (70).

SOUTH AFRICA

Ermelo (23); Kimberley (26); Vereeniging (34).

UNITED STATES

Warren, R. I. (48); Framingham, Mass. (68); Elizabethtown, Ky. (53); East Bakersfield, Calif. (25); Manchester, Conn. (51); Lebanon, Ky. (44); Otsego, Mich. (24); Altavista, Va. (36); Constantine, Mich. (27); Longmont, Colo. (52); Twain Harte, Calif. (21); Johnson City, Tenn. (99); Campbellsville, Ky. (27); Hopkinsville, Ky. (66); Owensboro, Ky. (85); Waukegan, Ill. (95); Ouray, Colo. (16); Columbia, Tenn. (69); Ackley, Iowa (30); Westwood, Calif. (21); Freehold, N. J. (50); Atmore, Ala. (33); Delphi, Ind. (39).

THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS NOTES FROM 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

PARIS COMING UP. This is the month when Rotarians and their families—some 6,000 to 8,000 of them—will converge upon France's "City of Light" for Rotary's 44th Annual Convention, May 24-28. The stage is set, the curtain is ready to go up. For a word-glimpse of what awaits the audience, see the articles about the program and entertainment on pages 22-24.

NEW YORK, TOO! A fortnight before the Paris Convention, the incoming District Governors (1953-54) will gather at the Lake Placid Club in Essex County, New York, for Rotary's 1953 International Assembly, May 7-13. A "business only" meeting, the Assembly brings together these Governors and the present officers of Rotary International to make plans for the new year....In session at the same time and place will be the Rotary Institute, an informal discussion forum on Rotary's program participated in by present and past international officers.

APPOINTEES. Appointed to serve as Sergeant at Arms at the Convention is Past International Committeeman Jean-Marie La Chance, of Montreal, Que., Canada. To serve in the same capacity at the International Assembly is Douglas A. Stevenson, of Sherbrooke, Que., Canada. Song Leader at the Assembly will be Walter R. Jenkins, of Houston, Tex.

MEETINGS. Council of Past Presidents.....April 27-30.....Chicago
Rotary Foundation Trustees.....May 1.....Chicago
1952-1953 Board of Directors.....May 4-6.....Chicago
International Assembly.....May 7-13.....Lake Placid, N. Y.
International Convention.....May 24-28.....Paris, France

SPADEWORK. On May 3 the first shovelful of earth will be lifted from the site of Rotary's new headquarters in Evanston, Ill. Excavation and construction work will begin immediately and will proceed until the Summer of 1954, when the building will be completed.

PRESIDENT. Back at his office in Chicago after a round of Rotary visits in the U.S.A., President H. J. Brunnier turned to administrative matters awaiting Presidential attention. Included among such matters were preparations for the Board meeting (see above) and the International Assembly and Convention.

ARCTIC ITEM. Rotary's reach above the Arctic Circle was extended recently with the formation of a Rotary Club in Nordkapp, Norway. Formerly the northernmost Club in the world was Hammerfest, Norway. That distinction now belongs to Nordkapp, which is several miles from Hammerfest—directly north.

RADIO SHOW. "Boys and Girls Week" in Rotary is from April 25 to May 2. Launching the "Week" will be a network broadcast from Hollywood, Calif., to be aired by stations throughout the United States and Canada on April 25 from 4:30 P.M. to 5 P.M. (Eastern Standard Time). Titled "His Brother's Diary," the broadcast will feature Hollywood actors Ray Milland and Lon McCallister.

VITAL STATISTICS. On March 27 there were 7,732 Clubs and an estimated 368,000 Rotarians. New Clubs since July 1, 1952, totalled 171.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

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The Editors'

WORKSHOP

ABOUT our little test on page 7—the correct answers, first of all, are: (1) Belgium, (2) Norway, (3) Finland, (4) Denmark, (5) Sweden, (6) France, (7) Netherlands, (8) England, (9) Germany, (10) Scotland. Second of all, you can count a score of 10 percent as very good and of 20 percent or better as amazing. To pre-test our test, we asked three colleagues, who shake hands with lots of different nationalities every year, to take it. Two failed to pick a single youth correctly and thus scored 0 percent. One picked one boy rightly and so rang up 10 percent. Third of all, we're not trying to prove anything here—except that you can't tell much of anything about anybody just by looking at him. While most folks agree, a kind of international phrenology still lingers on. If this small stunt helps to hasten its demise, all right.

THE IMPORTANT thing is that those ten young men from ten countries got together and talked for a week about sports, careers, nuclear fission, global affairs, and, we hope, girls. There isn't enough of this anywhere. As you can see on pages 32-35, Rotarians of Europe know it—and are doing a great deal about it.

SOMEWHERE among the thousands of Rotary people who will joyously pack Paris hotels, restaurants, and auditoriums in the week of May 24-28 will be a couple of our staffers. On folds of copy paper and on sheets of high-speed film they'll be trying to record what is happening. By the end of the week they will have shot back to this workshop a thick stack of copy, layouts, and prints which will show up in THE ROTARIAN for July as a 20-page report on Rotary's 44th Annual Convention in Paris, France.

"AN OVERWHELMING stream of generous donations" has come from Rotarians of the world to the flood-stricken Netherlands, report the two District Governors in that land. To give special care to severe cases, they have set up a "Rotary Emergency Committee" headquartered in the center of the ruined region. It is to this Committee, formed of Rotarians and closely cooperating with local and national authorities, that any further Rotary donations should be sent. You may address that Committee in care of either of the two Rotary Governors: A. W. Groote, Palestrinalaan 2, Hilver-

sum, The Netherlands; or A. D. Voûte, Mariëndaal, Oosterbeek, The Netherlands.

THE SCRATCHPAD MAN got a little sludge in his crankcase some months ago when trying to define a certain expression that enjoys wide use in down-under lands. In one of its recent issues the bulletin of the Rotary Club of Eltham, New Zealand, filters the whole business clean thus: "Dinkum oil," far from being the equivalent of 'soft soap' (U.S.A.) or 'oleaginous flattery' (Britain), may be translated into good American as 'true facts' or even 'inside information.' Webster's, please take note!" Now we all know. . . . And to hand just at press time is a letter from a Texas Rotarian who wants us to know (which we do) that the Evzones, one of whom we pictured on our April cover, are the *crème de la crème* of the Greek Army. He asks that we publish the requirements for entrance into the Evzones, if there's space. If there is, we will next month.



Our Cover

THE MOST idyllic of all the fjords on the fringy Western coast of Norway is Hardangerfjord—so says our source—and Hardangerfjord is the subject of our cover. The entire fjord is, of course, a huge piece of geography and this bit of it is known as the Ullensvang district, the main village of which is Lofthus. It was from Lofthus that this color photo was taken. The little church there at the center of interest dates back to the 1200s and the blossoming trees to early monks who long ago made Ullensvang famous for fruit. . . . A Swedish photographer named Göran Algaard, whose fine work has appeared in many U.S.A. as well as Scandinavian magazines, took the picture. The Norway Travel Association loaned us the transparency.—Eds.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

As a writer of science articles, HERMAN SCHNEIDER has much practical experience to draw on. Former supervisor of science for New York City elementary schools, he is now science consultant for the City Board of Education. Though full of scientific wisdom, he prefers to talk about the talents of his sons, 18 and 19, who write and sing.



Tullius

For Californian FRANCIS TULLIUS the appearance of his humor article in this issue is a milestone of sorts. Until now he has had only light verse published. A recent University of Southern California graduate, he's a full-time salesman, part-time free-lancer. He served overseas as a U. S. Army "medic" in World War II. In sports, tennis is his game.



Appleman

Rotarian JOHN ALAN APPLEMAN, of Urbana, Ill., law graduate of the University of Illinois, has written several books and twoscore articles on legal subjects. When not untangling estate problems, he relaxes by writing music and playing the piano.

In Groton, N. Y., RUTH DABES is MRS. JOSEPH DABES, mother of Joe and Anita, 14 and 12, respectively. She combines her housework and farming with free-lancing.

Artist FELIX PALM, whose drawings illustrate Merchant Penney's article, is no 8-to-5 worker in his Chicago studio. His story and advertising illustrations keep him going long hours, and his list of accounts numbers some of the biggest advertisers in the United States.



Palm

Washington, D. C., newspaperman JOHN JAY DALY is in his second quarter century of journalism. He publishes *The Daly Greeting* once a year about the Dalys, named the "outstanding family" a few years ago by *Parents' Magazine*. . . J. D. CLAITOR, Galveston, Tex., Rotarian, is spending much of his retirement helping the underprivileged and doing historical research. . . FRANCIS A. KETTANEH, Chairman of Rotary's 1953 Convention Committee, is a Beirut, Lebanon, businessman now in the U.S.A. . . ROBERT A. PLACEK is a staffman of THE ROTARIAN.

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Now Is the Time

*Reflections by a lawyer on why so many clients lead a life
lacking the radiance of happiness.*

By JOHN ALAN APPLEMAN

Rotarian, Urbana, Ill.

MUCH of my work is "estate planning." Clients ask for counsel on insurance and investment programs. But as we lay plans for life and death, I ponder why so many have no goal beyond their preoccupation with financial success.

One reason, I am sure, is an overgrown sense of duty. Many a businessman drives himself to an early grave to give wife and children more money than is good for them. Or if he survives the ordeal, his career sums up to an effort to purchase with dollars those relationships which can be secured only through personal attention, companionship, and affection. Generally he cheats both himself and his family. When he has reached his financial goal, gone forever is the opportunity to enjoy childhood years of sons and daughters—and his wife has been forced in the meantime to develop interests apart from his. Thus it is that in his latter years he drinks the bitter cup of loneliness.

"Retirement" is another siren luring men to disillusionment. Who has not seen economic change wipe out a man's security late in life, leaving him desolate both in purse and in mind? Absorption in retirement as a goal implies that a man is unhappy in earning his livelihood and prefers idleness, usually attended by boredom.

Far better is it to work along less seriously through the early and middle years, enjoying family, friends, and work, meanwhile developing hobbies to yield pleasure in the inevitable sunset years. Peace of mind is a great gift, yet no one can confer it upon the individual except himself. Wise old

Omar Khayyam wrote, "The Bird of Time has but a little way to flutter, and the Bird is on the wing." But we forget—forget that now is the time to live, not ten or 50 years hence! We cut corners, we save seconds and minutes we don't know how to enjoy, we build up blood pressure and ulcers. The clock becomes our master.

Isn't it time for each of us to ask *why*? Why do we concentrate on material successes? Why don't we live more as we go along?

Why is it so difficult for men to realize the insignificance of money and property compared to the love, companionship, and mental security they can give their families? Wives need companionship and spiritual comfort as much as material things. Even children have tensions and worries—the too-strict teacher, the school bully, the disappointment of losing in games. The husband and father should provide the assurance and strength so needed in his home.

Why should we strive for a larger bank account than a neighbor's? Drive a better car? Belong to more clubs? Or lord it over associates? These are the urges of little men and petty women.

The spiritually mature person doesn't need so to prop his ego. He is himself, always. He may wear a flannel shirt and with no mental discomfort drive a jalopy. He knows the pleasure in little things—the feel of the breeze, the single flower, the budding tree, the scudding clouds, the lonely kitten, a

puppy's eager nose, the tawny-haired child clutching a doll, the fascination of ruined brick buildings and the silent cobblestone street. There is man-made beauty in art, in poetry, in the beating rhythm of a Negro pianist interweaving the classic with the jungle. . . . These are things the tense man, the hurried man, the pompous man, cannot enjoy because he is chasing the fool's gold of life.

The spiritually great person is intellectually honest. He knows that although it is easier to accept the canned concepts and opinions of others, he must struggle through to the truth. He keeps intelligently informed on problems of the day, both domestic and international, then thinks them through to his own conclusions. He votes and he does what he can to right wrongs. But he will not worry about what he cannot help. He knows he solves no problems by letting his brain and nerves become so tense he hatches ulcers in his stomach.

Tact and kindness mark his relationships with others, for he has learned that a friendly word and a smile can start an epidemic that heals, not sickens, those it touches. His marriage is marked by companionship with his wife. He knows the blessed relaxation of blending two personalities into a new harmonious entity. To him, sharing of his children's disappointments and pleasures is a sacred thing.

What, then, is worth while in life? To eat one's fill, to sleep a dreamless sleep, to have family and friends, to love, to sense the meaning of living. Money cannot purchase more.

Quest EDITORIAL



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Ten Youths from Ten Nations . . .

Can you tell which is which?

IT'S NOT much of a trick, is it, to look at a person and tell what country he comes from? Dark, wavy hair and olive skin—why, obviously, Italian. Blond, blue eyed, pink cheeked—a Norwegian if you ever saw one. . . .

If you think it's easy to guess nationalities—or even if you don't—take this short test. Here in this photo you see ten young men from ten European countries whom Rotary brought together in Sweden. The names of their countries appear across the bottom of this page—but not in the order in which the boys are standing. Into the small square beside each of the country names pencil the numeral of the young man you think came from it. When you have finished, check your results against the correct answers on page 4.

About these good-looking young fellows—they met about a year ago at a Youth Rally in Undersvik, Sweden, the like of which Rotary Clubs and Districts all over Free Europe will be staging this Spring and Summer. You can read all about these Rallies on page 32.

☐ France ☐ England ☐ Finland ☐ Germany ☐ Scotland ☐ Netherlands ☐ Denmark ☐ Belgium ☐ Norway ☐ Sweden

HOW CAN WE bring peace-loving nations into economic solidarity, political unity, and military security? That is the problem of survival for all who live this side of the Iron Curtain. And it is urgent.

Lashed by necessity, we have had to adopt various expedients and since World War II have seen created such projects as the Marshall Plan and NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) with enormous outlays of money and materials and manpower. But all such efforts will be as the house built upon the sand unless we intensify in every possible way a mutually profitable trade among the nations of the free world.

No nation can survive and progress without foreign trade. That is, I believe, the lesson of Egypt and Syria, Greece and Rome, and all the great empires that, like our nova stars, flared into the lime-light of history and then faded away. If we had statistics of those ancient days, we could demonstrate in graphs and charts how well their art, science, learning, culture, and all that we call civilization rose with the trade that made them progressive, rich, and powerful. And coinciding curves would depict the deterioration of their trade and their political, military, and cultural decline.

Genoa and Venice of the Middle Ages tell the same story. In later times, Spain and Portugal, desperately competing to discover and colonize expanding empires, also prove how international trade can transform countries small in area into States possessing great power. The story is repeated again in England and in The Netherlands, demonstrating once more that trade, especially international trade, is a much more powerful factor than area, natural resources, and population in shaping the destiny and in determining the relative position of nations.

Perhaps no country of modern times better illustrates this truth than my own. Soon after Christopher Columbus visited the shores of Cuba in 1492, our island became the center of Spanish military domination in the New World. It was the beachhead from which

AN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE PICTURE

Nations That



By LUIS MACHADO

Executive Director, International Bank for Reconstruction and Development

Cortes sailed to conquer Mexico and Pizarro to subdue Peru. From Cuba Ponce de León fared forth to claim Florida for Spain and De Soto to discover the far-off Mississippi River.

But despite all this military and governmental activity, Cuba for four centuries was scantily populated and its people had an abjectly low standard of life. Why? Why did this fertile isle, Spain's Pearl of the Antilles, progress so slowly?

The answer is simple. During more than 300 years no Cuban planter or merchant could export or import merchandise except through a monopolistic corporation known as the Sevilla Trade Monopoly. Until 1818 all foreign trade in Cuba was the exclusive privilege of the men who comprised that body, back in Spain.

Our best potential customer was, of course, the colonial empire Britain had established on the North American mainland, later to become the United States. People

there needed our sugar, our tobacco, our coffee, our vegetables, our tropical fruits, and our mineral ores. We Cubans needed cotton, wheat, flour, and machinery. But should our wives want a new pair of shoes, for example, we could not order them directly from Boston or New York. All business, going or coming, had to clear through Sevilla in Spain. So sharply did the Sevilla Trade Monopoly enforce its mandates that often American wheat bound for Havana would be transported across the Atlantic twice just to provide business for Spanish vessels!

With trade strangled, Cuba's people stagnated. Three and a half centuries after Columbus stepped ashore, our population totalled but a scant half million, less by far than that of Havana today. Other countries in the New World succeeded in throwing off the incubus of foreign domination and prospered as they grew to maturity as independent republics. But Cuba lagged until the Sevilla Trade

Trade Don't Fight

*In that old maxim is a
lesson in urgent need
of application today.*

Monopoly came to an end in 1818.

Then as if touched by a fairy wand, our isle began to flower. Within 75 years our population trebled. And by 1900, despite enormous destruction in the bloody wars for independence from Spain, our annual foreign trade had risen from virtually nothing a century before to 115 million dollars. That, however, was but a prelude for what was to come after we became an independent republic in 1902.

Since then our population again has trebled, leaping from 1½ million to 5½ million. Our sugar production has zoomed from 300,000 to 7 million tons annually. And while exports were skyrocketing from 45 million dollars to 650 million dollars our imports went up from 66½ million dollars to 500 million dollars.

Social progress has kept pace with the economic. Our death rate has dropped these past 50 years from 30 to ten per 1,000, making Cuba one of the world's leaders

in health and sanitation. Within my lifetime, literacy has increased until almost everyone now can read and write, whereas the rate was one out of three. Cuba takes pride in its schools, and its universities are among the finest in the Western Hemisphere. And anyone familiar with art and music, sports, and science knows of our isle's contribution to the world's store of civilization.

Such progress could come, however, only after the heavy hand was lifted from the throat of commerce. We Cubans realize this, and are zealous in our determination that never again shall Government throttle our trade, both domestic and foreign. But if ever we should need an even more striking example of what commerce means to human welfare, we need but glance across the few miles of ocean to the North American mainland.

The United States is not unique among countries of the world in possessing vast natural resources; others can match them, even exceed them. Some statesmen and economists are, therefore, puzzled by the fantastic industrial development of the United States, with its corollary of cultural and scientific progress and influence in international politics. We Cubans are not. We recognize two basic reasons for the rise of American power and prestige.

First is the fact that the 48 States within the United States have voluntarily established the largest trade area on the planet, with a prodigious demand for goods and services. Second is the fact that this trade area has been expanded through commerce with other nations.

Most Americans are aware of the significance of the first point, but, I suspect, relatively few realize that their economic health is now inexorably linked to the fact that Uncle Sam has become the greatest international trader in the world. The statistics are overwhelming. In 1950 the United States sold to other countries some 10¼ billion dollars' worth of goods and purchased almost 9 billion. That makes the impressive total of approximately 19 billion, which, when distributed over a population of 150 million, averages \$125

per man, woman, and child. Without it the American economy would be thrown off balance.

In tiny Cuba, foreign trade is even more important relatively. Ours averages \$210 per person and, it should be noted, most of it is with the United States. In 1950 the United States traded with Cuba more than it did with the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands, Australia, India, or Japan. Uncle Sam's business with Cuba equalled all transacted with France and Italy—and it was exceeded in the Western Hemisphere only by that carried on with Canada and Brazil, which have three to ten times our population.

The propinquity of Cuba and the United States is a favorable factor for the interchange of goods, to be sure, but each country has its unique opportunity to develop itself through exchange of goods and services with others. And herein, I believe, lies the most potent of all secret weapons available to free men. To hold lines and to win wars, if wars come, we need armies and navies and air forces. But peace will be elusive and unstable unless it is founded on the bedrock of solid economics.

Today we live in desperately difficult times, with conflicting ideologies and scientific discoveries forever throwing historic equilibrium out of balance. Our planet is one, we say, yet for reasons well known we human beings are driven by forces beyond our control to split it into two. It becomes more vital each day, therefore, for those of us who believe in the free way of life to intensify our trade with each other and thereby to husband not only our strengths for

Re: The Author

Distinguished Cuban diplomat and a Past Director of Rotary International, Luis Machado, of Havana, began his career as a statesman in 1919, when, at age 19, he was a delegate to the Versailles Treaty conference. A lawyer by training, he has served as Ambassador to the U.S.A. and as a delegate to many international conferences.



self-preservation, but also to preserve and to perpetuate our cherished civilization.

Great barriers hallowed by custom and buttressed by legalisms make progress difficult. Only a fool would minimize the difficulties. But let us not discount the many constructive steps already taken to promote and to stimulate trade in what is left of the world this side of the Iron Curtain.

One milestone along the way to peace is the Multilateral Trade Pact, signed in 1946 in Geneva, Switzerland. It sought to lower tariffs, temporarily freeze and eventually to eliminate barriers to trade. I think of it as one of the most useful moves collectively made in our times, and am confident that future historians will appraise it as the most important factor for the rehabilitation of Europe after World War II. In long-range results it will outrank all the loans and gifts poured into Europe for postwar reconstruction because it helps Europeans to re-establish their economy on a basis that progressively will need fewer props.

High tariffs, however, are not the only obstacle standing in the

way of international trade. Many other less impressive but equally irksome barriers are with us. Antiquated customs classifications and regulations are just as bad, if not worse. They were conceived and adopted in the spirit of hindering, not helping, international commerce, and no real progress will be achieved until they are brought in line with the new thinking which seeks to facilitate trade.

If commerce among nations could flow freely throughout the democratic nations as it does within the 48 States that comprise the United States, we would witness an era of such world-wide prosperity and economic progress that many of the financial sacrifices the United States now feels obliged to make to save our way of life would probably be necessary no longer. And the burden resting so heavily on American taxpayers could be more equitably distributed among citizens of other lands.

Great problems, such as the one I have charted, always appear insoluble when thought of as a whole. But they can be broken into smaller segments and attacked singly with progressive

success. The ancient dictum "Divide and conquer!" applies to economic and social objectives as well as military.

So while the effort continues to wear down and to break down ancient obstructions to trade in Europe, it behooves nations of the Western Hemisphere to work out their problems. Fortunately, they are less set in the concrete of custom and prejudice and statutes. Already the minds of men who lead are awakening to the opportunity. From Alaska through Canada and the United States on south into the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking countries there is a growing awareness that cultural and social progress must be founded on prosperity and that prosperity comes through trade.

THE examples of Cuba and the United States, of Canada and Brazil, are setting the pattern for aspirations of other republics in our hemisphere. If you would consult their responsible leaders, you would find them in growing agreement that for future progress, far more important than the loan of dollars (which must be paid someday with accrued interest) is the development of their resources and the opening of outside channels to market the products of their soil and of their toil.

We who live in the Western Hemisphere should promote travel and cultural intercourse, whereby people come to know each other. What Rotary is doing in this field is beyond calculation. Yet it is not enough. With it must come a coördination of our efforts to develop conditions and an atmosphere favorable to trade. We of the New World should endeavor to set an example for others—increasing manifold our already improving trade relations with their magnificent dividends in mutual profit, friendliness, and international goodwill.

Nations that trade with each other seldom quarrel. Perhaps the rest of the world may learn the truth of that maxim through us, then with enlightened self-interest apply it. This course is, I feel, the one great hope of free men for realizing the final goal of all our aspirations: true and permanent peace on earth.

Human Nature Put to Work

There's an art to getting people to help you. A friend of mine—a successful antique dealer who came to the U.S.A. as a penniless immigrant—learned this fact early. When calling on hurried executives, he would purposely make an error in grammar or pronunciation. Even the busiest men would take time to help him straighten out his English; often the three minutes he was allotted resulted in hour-long interviews—and big sales.

—Paul Steiner, New York, N. Y.



At the start of a sales meeting, the sales manager held up his hands for silence. Then he startled the assembled salesmen by shouting, "Quick, stand up, everybody!" When the puzzled group were all on their feet, the sales manager said: "Now look on the under side of the chair you've been sitting on." Each

looked and found a crisp new dollar bill fastened there.

"You can keep the dollar," continued the sales manager, "but remember the lesson it implies: Nowadays you have to get off your seat if you want to make a buck." A check a month later showed that almost every man had increased his sales.

—Stan W. Carlson, Minneapolis, Minn.



Everybody likes to be counted—and counted important in the human scheme. That fact is a mighty motivator. There are, for example, 25 members in a club my wife attends. Every month she sends cards to the members to remind them of the meeting. Although everyone said it helped to get the cards, attendance showed no increase. Then last month my wife put a P.S. on the cards and attendance was nearly perfect. The P.S.:—"Remember, you are 4% of our membership."

—Ben C. Dickinson, Buena Vista, Ga.

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.

No Chance, Young Man?

Here's an answer to that query

from a businessman-Rotarian.

By J. C. PENNEY

Famed American Merchant



*Illustration by
Felix Palm*

WHENEVER I need inspiration—when-
ever I begin to wonder how we can survive
the political and economic storms that buf-
fet us—I go and talk to young men. They
have courage and integrity and hope—and
minds that penetrate like bullets.

They also have their fears and doubts, of
course—fears raised by the sight of hunger
amid surpluses, doubts raised by fine talk
of opportunity on the one hand and the
clamor for more artificial barriers to incen-
tive on the other. But in the main our
young men of 1953, as I know them, are full
of drive, dreams, ambitions, persistence,
and all the other elements that keep our
towns and businesses coming generation
after generation.

Bill W. is an exception. The 21-year-old
son of a friend of mine, young Bill came
into my office a year or so ago to ask about
a job. After we'd chatted a while, during
which time I tried to get into his attitudes
toward life and work, I gave the young man
an opening to question me about our com-
pany. And what was his first question?

"Do you have a pension plan?"

That was the *first* thing this bright and
handsome lad wanted to know about us! He'd
read somewhere, he said, that unless a
company has a retirement plan, it isn't a
good place to work.

"You're talking about security, Bill," I
commented, "and we all have to consider it
—but what about opportunity? How do you
rate it?"

"Well, Mr. Penney," Bill answered,
"that's pretty much up to the company, too,
the way I see it. If the company I pick is
big enough and strong enough, it will make
opportunities for me."

We talked a little further and I men-



*The author is founder and chairman of
the board of J. C. Penney Company. The
son of a clergyman, he was born in Hamil-
ton, Mo., in 1875. His book Fifty Years'
Experience with the Golden Rule was pub-
lished in 1950. He is an active member
of the Rotary Club of New York, N. Y.*

tioned that there might be a job for him in
one of our stores and suggested that he see
our personnel department.

"What would I do in a store?" he asked,
looking doubtful.

So I told him—and the story was exactly
the same as it has been throughout the his-
tory of retailing, and, indeed, of any busi-
ness where a beginner makes his beginning.

"Being a green hand," I said, "the
store manager would start you in hustling
stock, sweeping and scrubbing floors, wash-
ing windows, and, in your spare time, he
would train you to be a merchant. That is,
of course, if you get a job."

He shook his head. "I want a job in the
advertising department, writing advertis-
ing copy," he said, and when I pointed out
that he would need merchandising experi-
ence to do that, he assured me he could
"pick up the merchandising lingo in no time
at all, and nobody would know the differ-
ence."

There isn't much chance for Bill, I'm

afraid. Two facts block him. He has no intention of working with his hands. He has no intention of starting at the bottom.

Over the years I have talked with a great many young people. They used to be pretty willing to start at the bottom, and they did not mind if the work was dirty or hard, or the hours long. What they wanted was opportunity. This is too often not true today. Too many young people want to be executives from the minute they start—with pension plans neatly wrapped up awaiting their retirement. Perhaps this arises from our system of training—of taking too much pride

A VOCATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE

in giving our children the best possible education, of genuflecting too much to position and too seldom to capability. We seem to be forgetting that when the mind is educated, and the hand is left ignorant, the person is but half trained.

Still—the Bills of this world, the instant executives, are not typical of modern young manhood and womanhood. More typical, I think, is a young fellow whom a large radio and television audience heard and saw some months ago. This fine young man was a contestant on one of those quiz shows, and in his first answers revealed that he is football coach at a small suburban high school. Modestly he admitted his boys had done pretty well during the 1952 season. The quizmaster asked him why, if he liked the game so much, he hadn't gone into professional football. The answer was made quietly and unassumingly. It seems that war had interrupted the boy's college career, and a shell blast had ended his playing days. It took one of his legs.

Sympathetically, the quizmaster asked the young man if he would mind telling the audience how he felt about being handicapped. His reply was simple, and immensely moving. It spoke words for our younger generations. It sounded hope for the world. He said:

"Sir, I have a good job that I like very much. I have a home, a beautiful wife, two wonderful kids, another on the way. How can you say I'm handicapped?"

How, indeed?

That young football coach may never become a wealthy man, but already he is rich—rich in the virtues and strengths that are God's great gift to man. He is rich in the opportunity he has for doing good. I hope that he will teach the boys who come to him that the surest, if not always the easiest or most glamorous, way to succeed and to live a good life is to follow the teaching of the Golden Rule. Somehow I think he will.

If I could get just one message over to youth it would be that *it does not take genius to succeed in life*. Any young man of ordinary intelligence, who is morally sound, open and aboveboard in his dealings, not afraid of work, and who will play the game fairly and squarely, and keep everlastingly at it, should succeed in spite of obstacles and handicaps. Opportunity there must be—but usually it is neither great nor golden—just a little start or opening that serves only as a beginning.

I don't know who gave that young coach his opportunity. I do know who gave me mine.

The man's name was Callahan. He owned the largest dry-goods store in Longmont, Colorado, and he gave me a job as an extra clerk during the holiday season. It was temporary work, but I knew of several other stores he owned and reasoned that if I proved my worth he would be able to find a place for me in one of them.

I put forth every effort to make myself useful. I was the first one at the store in the morning and the last one to leave at night. No hour for lunch for me—I hurried back as quickly as I could after eating. I worked as though it were *my* store. When the holiday season was over in Longmont, Mr. Callahan kept me on. The following Spring he sent me to work in his store in Evanston, Wyoming, under Guy Johnson, at a salary of \$50 a month. That was in 1899. The first day on the job I went to lunch with Mr. Johnson's assistant manager. After we had finished eating, this man pulled up his chair, took a cigar out of his pocket, and commenced to read his paper. As I reached for my hat, he inquired, "Where are you going?" "To the store," I said. "Don't you know,"

he replied, "that a man is entitled to an hour for his meals?"

Nothing had been said to me about the length of the lunch period. Nevertheless I was anxious to get back; I did not smoke and my heart was in my new work. In fact, I was so happy to have this opportunity that I would have been willing to go without lunch.

Evidently Mr. Johnson saw that I was taking much more interest in the work than the man I have mentioned, for after I had been in Evanston a while he let him go and gave me the position as assistant manager.

In the Fall of 1901 I was told that a new store was to be opened the following Spring, and that I was to have a one-third partnership interest. Imagine my feelings! Three years before, I had been hired as a holiday-season extra clerk. Now I was to have the management of one of my employer's stores at a salary of \$75 a month. Happy as I was, I looked upon this as just another step toward my real goal—a business of my own, even if it were just a peanut stand.

THE opportunity to share in the ownership of the new store fired my soul with an ambition I cannot describe. It was then I got the vision of a chain of stores under partner-ownership. Placing of the responsibility of running a store upon my shoulders, and giving me a financial interest in it, had developed me as nothing else could have. I felt that the same plan, developed and expanded, would have a similar stimulating effect upon other men as it had had upon me. From that time on, throughout all these years, our company has been giving men an opportunity to share in the growth and development of our business.

I have been called "The Man with a Thousand Partners." I am happy to be called that. It expresses to me a fulfillment of that early aim. Long ago I established some basic principles which I believe form the essentials of business success. Two of them are expressions of that aim of my youth: "Have confidence in men," and "Appeal to the spirit in man." A man's value increases when he ac-

quires responsibility and feels that he is being relied upon. And every organization in which I have been associated has proved that if its members are motivated by an indomitable desire to succeed, the organization will succeed.

That the principle of the Golden Rule is a valid business principle is, I think, demonstrated by the fact that in many of our Penney stores, managers love to tell of boys arriving at the store with signed blank checks, and notes from parents asking that they be outfitted for school, or of lumberjacks leaving six months' pay for safekeeping with a Penney manager whom they trusted merely because he was a Penney manager.

I grant you, this is a "small town" philosophy. I came from a small town. I prospered in small towns. And I want to say right here that the small towns of America offer youth a great opportunity. In some ways they offer a greater challenge than that offered by cities. In a small town, all the meanings of the Golden Rule become active, daily realities. You are judged as a person. Your actions, your principles, are the measure of your success.

My father, who was a clergyman, without pay, and who was a farmer in order to make his way in the world, taught me the value of self-reliance, of consideration for my fellowman. I've told many times how, when I was 8, he called me to him and said I was big enough to earn my own clothes money, how a few years later he ordered me to sell my pigs before they were ready for a top-price market because they were objectionable to our neighbors. Those were simple, understanding decisions. They gave me an understanding of the value of money, and of the importance of conducting my life in accordance with the spirit of neighborliness.

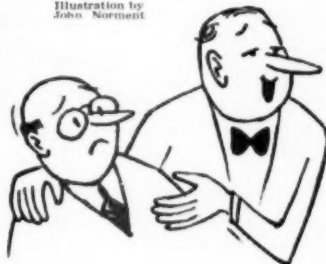
Neighborliness—I think that is the answer we all are seeking to the problems of the world. You and I of the older generations cannot do much to spread the conviction that "do unto others" is a practical and very rewarding code of action. But the younger generation can. And you and I, by example and by precept, can convince the younger generation.

No chance, young man? There are more chances in more fields than there ever were. If you choose an opening, however narrow, in the direction you want to go . . . and then if you (1) *prepare yourself*, (2) *work hard*, (3) *be honest*, (4) *have confidence in men*, (5) *appeal to the spirit in men*, and (6) *practice the Golden*

Rule—then, young man, you will get there. And they may say of you as they have said of some of the most successful business leaders I have ever known: "He played it hard and he played it smart, but he always played it clean!"

You are too young to think of epitaphs, but I don't think you could want a better one.

Illustration by
John Norment



'It Is Now My Pleasure . . . '—Ha!

THE forgotten man of public life has been before you a long time—and you may have been glad to forget him.

He isn't Franklin D. Roosevelt's man at the bottom of the economic pyramid; neither is he William Graham Sumner's man delving away in patent industry. He is, rather, the man who introduces the speaker at—well, wherever you hear speakers.

The introducer is peculiarly a Western Hemisphere institution since in a good many other places on earth the speaker introduces himself and speaks for himself. But in the United States the fellow who brings on the speaker is the true forgotten man: unwept, unhonored, unsung—and frequently unprepared!

Sometimes he is a human parenthesis, bracketing the speaker with effusions. Sometimes he is a moralist, extracting meaning from the speech—and running the meeting overtime.

If he says too much, he's windy. If he says too little, he doesn't do Speaker Klotz full justice. If he comments on Klotz' topic, he's stealing the speech; if he makes no comment, he's stupid.

All of which is by way of saying that the introducer needs some preparation for his function. Usually it begins when the president says, "Say, Horace, how about sitting at the head table today and introducing the speaker? Name's Klotz. Come on and meet him."

So Horace must then spend his lunch grilling Mr. Klotz and missing the meal—not necessarily a deprivation—or he must pick up the information between bites.

If Horace is not quite up to par this particular day, the introduction is apt to come out like this:

"Uh . . . Bill asked me to do this just a few minutes ago . . . uh. . . Our speaker today is, er,

Mr. Augustine Sebastian Klotz. He is, uh, the, uh, third assistant to the third active vice-president . . . uh . . . of the Third National Bank. His topic is, uh, how to be 'Happy Though Poor.' It is, uh, my pleasure to introduce, uh, Mr. Klotz."

Everyone knows it's been no pleasure as Horace sits down. So does Mr. Klotz. This is known as the "wet-blanket introduction."

It does not have to be. Any reasonably alert individual can introduce someone even if called upon at virtually the last minute. It's simple. Here are a few rules which will help to smooth the way:

1. Know the speaker's name. Usually the program will supply it; discover how to pronounce it as well. The speaker can help.

2. Take the time necessary to prepare an introduction, if possible. This may mean consulting some biographical references, but Joe Miller's joke book should be avoided.

3. Make your introduction long enough to convey some idea of the speaker's important attainments and professional standing. But make it short enough to avoid giving the audience fidgets.

4. Don't be effusive. Let the facts speak for themselves.

5. Don't be a human parenthesis. It's not necessary to agree or disagree from the speaker's table with Mr. Klotz' remarks; neither is it usual to be "inspired" by his message.

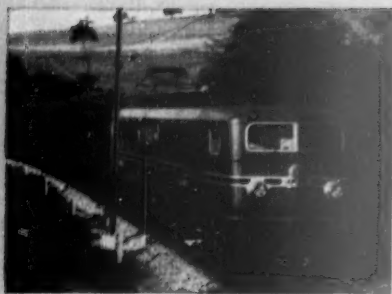
In other words, make your audience feel that you really are "happy" to introduce Klotz. At the end, make him feel your "thanks" are sincere.

And let it go at that. Otherwise you will join the ranks of the forgotten men. And, perhaps, it will be a good thing.

—L. L. Walker, Jr.
Rotarian, Harriburg, Tex.

EUROPE CLEARS

the Tracks



A French train comes round the bend on an electrified section in Savoy.



One of 50,000 French cars in the new pool.

FREIGHT trains lack appeal to tourists, and that must be admitted. Much more romantic are those bulging barges that slowly wind through canals shaded by ancient trees and spires of medieval cathedrals. But let no traveller who seeks an understanding of Europe today scorn the humble boxcar—not if on its sides in fresh paint is “EUROP”!

That word is the symbol of a vast project affecting the prosperity and peace for millions of Europeans. It signifies that this bearer of burdens is one of a pool of freight cars used efficiently and economically to transport goods regardless of what rail network owns it or regardless of what country it happens to be in.

EUROP has been on these cars only two years, or less. Previously an agreement compelled the return of freight cars in international service just as soon as they were

unloaded, and often they made the trip to their home country empty. It was as if each car that ventured across a frontier was tethered to a giant rubber band which, when the car was unloaded, jerked it back home.

But on May 1, 1951, the new system went into operation. Fifty thousand freight cars from the French railroads and an equal number from the West Germany railroads were put into the pool and labelled EUROP. While in Germany they are considered German, just as they are French while in France. They can be shuttled here and there where they are needed. The result is that the number of “empties” has diminished greatly—90 percent of the boxcars, for example, being exchanged loaded!

There was some precedent for

the development. As early as 1834, the Northern Railroad Company of France was seeking “the best means to unite the three kingdoms of France, England, and Belgium.” The dream was realized in part by the International Sleeping Cars Company (Wagon-Lits) and the Great European Express, which have just celebrated their 75th anniversary. But two world wars brutally interrupted these rail relations.

Now with the France-West Germany pool, progress has been resumed. Already this rail union is spreading north to Belgium, Luxembourg, The Netherlands, the Saar, and Denmark. To the south it is moving into Switzerland and Italy. When a roving boxcar from, let us say, the dunes of Denmark can profitably work its way through Alpine passes to the toe of Italy’s boot, some 1,200 miles from home, a long stride will have

A VOCATIONAL-INTERNATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE

FOR PEACE

***How a new rail union is uniting a continent
... an article based on an interview with
the director general of the National Society
of French Railroads, LOUIS ARMAND.***

been taken toward making Europe an economic unit.

How does the system work? Obviously much bookkeeping is required to keep track of thousands of cars and to fill them with goods. Fortunately, there is the experience of the Association of American Railroads upon which to draw. But there are differences. In the United States, railroads are privately owned. In Europe, most rail lines are owned and operated by Governments, so the complex problem of functional unification must be worked out at official levels.

This task has been assumed by the International Railroad Union, a private association presided over by the French railroads. Now when a freight car labelled EUROP passes a frontier, it goes under the management of the Union.

And it is the Union that follows and directs its movements, as it picks up and unloads shipments here and there, until it returns to its home country.

Seasonal demands on freight service present difficult problems in Europe, just as they do in America, where needs of wheat growers in the Dakotas and the citrus-fruit industry in California and Florida, for example, must be anticipated. But the Union is empowered to develop coöperation among rail networks within the pool, routing cars wherever they may be needed most urgently.

This activity started in 1949 with organization of INTERFRIGO (International Railroad Society of Refrigerated Transportation). Europeans opened their eyes to the possibilities in the Winter of 1950-51 when INTERFRIGO moved 2,000 tons of grapes from Greece. The Greeks were happy as the drachmas filled their purses and so were people of countries to the north who at low cost could purchase fresh grapes out of season. To them, grand phrases about European unity took on new meaning.

To a non-European, this pooling of rail rolling stock must seem like an obvious move and a simple project. But though its utility can be demonstrated at the dining-table level, the task of unification is not an easy one. Suppose, for example, a French flat car breaks down in Naples. It probably is of a type unlike its counterpart used in Italy. Must it remain idle in the yards at Naples until someone

in Paris is notified and sends needed repair parts and authorization for the work necessary?

To problems such as this, the Union has given much study leading to establishment of an Office of Research and Work (O.R.E.), operated with great competence by The Netherlands railroads. And this has led to approval of five standard boxcars. Already 18,000 of these have been ordered and gradually the number will be increased as "orphan models" can be declared obsolete and discarded.

Standardization of equipment in America was initiated not so much by rail lines as by manufacturers of equipment who sought to reduce costs thereby and to widen markets. Probably a similar development will come in Europe. If so, manufacturers in the various countries will agree to specialize in certain standardized materials. Under the old regime, volume of orders was not large enough to justify mass production; it will be otherwise when all rail networks from the Baltic to the Mediterranean are potential customers.

Then too, Europe's railroads must not be satisfied merely with replacing worn-out equipment. They must be alert to adopt new devices created by technicians that will improve service and reduce costs. And here arises the urgent question of whether steam engines should be replaced by Diesel or electric locomotives.

Diesel advocates present many cogent arguments. Declaring that steam locomotives use much high-quality coal and have wastefully short daily runs, they dwell on the superiority of Diesels on both points. By unifying techniques of operation, they assert that Diesels further could improve service and reduce costs of operation and maintenance.

Diesels have worked out well in America, but some who have studied the problem hold that this is largely because that land is rich in petroleum from which fuel oils are distilled. Europe, they note, is dependent for its oil on land more or less distant or politically inaccessible. So they favor electric locomotives.

Here Europe has an advantage. It is rich in electrical power, actual or potential. Great generat-



On this new freight car the railroads of West Europe are now standardizing.

Photo: Notre Matière

ing plants have been set up on rivers and at dams in the mountains, especially since World War II.* Others have been or are being established on artificial waterways. And electricity has long been produced economically in such coal countries as England, Belgium, West Germany, and The Netherlands.

Railroads make good customers for power companies, and tend to stabilize the industry. This is because their consumption does not come at a certain time of day or night, but is spread quite evenly over a 24-hour period. Unification of rail lines throughout Europe would stimulate a similar development of electrical power, with

*See *New Power for Europe*, by Paul Ghall, *THE ROTARIAN* for December, 1948.

great grids that further would extend the advantages of electricity to residences and to industries. Indeed, this whole development is contingent upon rail unification, for electric locomotives to be efficient must have a daily run of at least 500 kilometers, or about 313 miles—and this means, in many cases, crossing national frontiers.

Financing Europe's rail pool presents problems somewhat different from those arising in the United States, where lines are privately owned and often competitive. Nationalization may make some aspects simpler, however, for there are but relatively few Government-owners with which to deal. Yet some rolling stock enjoys special tariffs calculated on the capital invested and certain rail-

road yards are used for certificates of trust equipment. But whatever the financial complications, European railroads must free themselves of the old inefficient ways and in doing so may demonstrate ways for national industries to cooperate with private capital.

Negotiations already are under way, under supervision of the French railroads and the International Railroad Union. Present plans call for acquiring equipment of different lines under a deferred sales program. Financing is to be achieved through either the organization's own resources or loans.

Technological and financial problems are difficult but can be solved through patient study and effort. But [Continued on page 52]

Footnote from North America:

Keeping Tab on 2 Million Boxcars

THERE'S a boxcar bumping and clanging its way down the tracks of, let us say, Kankakee, Illinois, U.S.A. And it's a pretty prosaic specimen—with paint weathered and faded.

But it is doing all right. Next week it may be crossing the vast prairies of Saskatchewan, Canada, or swinging through maguay fields of Mexico.

Lost? Not at all! Within an hour or two the Association of American Railroads, in Washington, D. C., with no clue but its number, can locate it.

It spotted five such cars, a short while ago, within an hour and a half. Each carried one or more steel drums filled with chemicals. Somehow something had gone wrong in the mixing process at a California plant, where they originated. When one drum exploded, word was passed along to AAR in Washington. The cars bearing the lethal mixture were found—and the chemical destroyed—in California, Nevada, Iowa, Illinois, and New Jersey.

This was an emergency—but such operations are routine for AAR. It's all a part of an amazingly complex cooperative project run not by the Government, but by the railroads themselves. As late as 1871, rails on American lines were from three to six feet apart and equipment was as varied as beach clothes of our times. Obviously, reasoned foresighted railroaders, we would do better if we

standardized equipment and track gauge and had an arrangement whereby loaded cars could move over other lines to destination.

Today under AAR, the system encompasses not only all major lines of the U.S.A. but both privately and governmentally owned rail systems in Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. And the car service division of AAR keeps tab on the more than 2 million freight cars in the combination. The system is complicated, of course, but with teletype reports, punch cards, tabulating machines, and electronic devices, it works with such miraculous efficiency that railroad men boast "You can't lose a boxcar!"

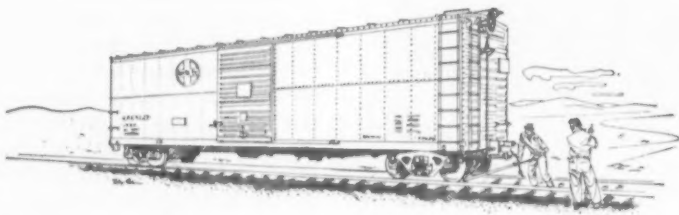
When next you're driving in the country and must wait while a mile-long freight train roars by, don't fume. Turn off your motor and while Junior counts the cars, you keep track of the number of boxcars from lines other than the one running the train. Before the caboose passes, you'll probably both be out of breath. But com-

pare your figures. If the train's typical, seven out of ten of the cars will be "foreign." And for the next half hour you can wonder how the AAR possibly can keep tab on them. But it does.

Just the bookkeeping on these borrowed cars is a marvel of accounting. The charge is \$1.75 a day, and a great system, like the Santa Fe or New York Central, may have a daily bill of \$50,000.

Not long ago the Union Pacific checked up on the travels of a typical boxcar, old No. 193346. In four years it had made 221 changes on 83 lines. It had averaged shifts from one road to another every seven days. It had passed through each of the 48 States once or many times. It had visited every major city in the United States and several in Canada. An inventory of its cargoes looked like an index to a Sears-Roebuck catalog.

It's too bad Hans Christian Andersen isn't living. What a tale he could have spun about old No. 193346!



Anyone Can Paint!

A treatise on a phenomenon
oft noted in Spring.



Illustration by
Jim Hicks

NOW that the vernal equinox is here, what better way to beguile the hours than to dazzle that old kitchen with a coat of paint? Here's one place you can save on the high cost of labor. After all, what other job can even the most inexperienced person do poorly? You'll need a few tips from an old hand before you begin, so don't even buy a swatch of sandpaper until you hear me out.

First, you'll have to clean those old brushes that have become so hard you can pound nails with them. (Don't tell me they can't get that hard, because once I did all the rough carpentering on a house with one.) Boil these brushes in a large pan of water with a cup of lye added. This loosens the bristles so they all fall out. You might find one with the bristles left, but don't use it. When you put it to a wall, it will just lie down and play dead, the handle going in one direction and the bristles in another. Go down to the paint store and select a large brush for the walls and a small one for trim. The best brushes are made of hog bristles that come from China, and these are getting harder to get. A matched set with platinum trim won't be beyond your means. I don't know the exact prices, because they never quote them in the ads, but I do know you can get easy credit terms—little or nothing down and up to 24 months to pay.

Now we are ready to mix the paint. Don't ever buy ready-mixed colors. It's not so much fun as mixing your own, and, in addition, it is considered rather cowardly. Let us say we are going to paint our kitchen what painters call a warm yellow. Take four gallons of white enamel and add one of yellow. This will come out a little too light. Add another gallon of yellow. A bit too yellowish. Now a gallon of white. It still looks too bright. We must take the edge off that yellow. Add a quart of black. Much too dark now. Better get another gallon of white. . . . When you've finished, you will have 20 gallons of paint, enough to do your kitchen for ten years, and more than you could win on a quiz show.

Before you begin painting, spread newspapers on the floor. Never use magazines or comics. I don't know what there is about a magazine page on the floor that invites reading, but all I know is if you're not careful you'll be down on your knees in a trice, and the sun will be an orange ball in the western sky when you've read the last word. Classified-ad pages work about the best. Even these become compelling reading when spread on a kitchen floor, but they lack the narrative element found in a magazine story, and

you will find that your interest flags reasonably soon.

Now we are ready to apply the paint. Always do the ceiling first. After a few strokes you will feel something like paint meandering down your arm. It is paint. Don't be alarmed. This is known as Busby's Phenomenon, after the painter who first noticed it. It is caused by an extremely strong gravitational pull which sets itself up around the ceiling of a room being painted. After a while this paint trickling down your arm will begin to disturb your composure. When you feel you are about ready to snap, get down off the stepladder and try to relax. Take your mind off painting. You might read a few of the want-ads. Don't wait too long, though, because if you don't get back up on that ladder pretty quick you might lose your nerve. Any painter will tell you once that happens they never go back up.

After you've trimmed the windows, you'll find that your trembling hand has laid a wiggly little border along the glass. When the paint dries, you'll want to remove this with a razor blade, or, if you prefer, a dry shaver. Some men like one, some the other, but they both have their merits.

NOW THAT you've done the ceiling, walls, and sash, and everything in sight, including yourself, in a nice warm yellow, you are ready to step back and survey your work. What a change you have wrought! What was once old and ugly has now become new and ugly. What was once a drab, greasy kitchen, redolent of food, has now become a shiny, food-preparation area, filled with the appetizing smell of paint. You suddenly know what every man must find for himself: the joy of creating, the joy of work—of a job well done.

Your wife enters. There are a few sags here and there on the wall; a couple of spots that didn't quite cover; there is paint running down your arm and slowly coursing down your back; your second-best pair of shoes are dappled a warm yellow; your head reels from inhaling paint thinner; but you are proud. You speak.

"How do you like it?"

"Nice, but . . . isn't the color kind of strange? I mean, it's so yellow. I had no idea it would make the stove look so odd. Couldn't we make it a little warmer? It could stand another coat, anyway."

Advance upon her, sirrah, and very deliberately paint her a warm yellow from head to toe. Hang the consequences. I happen to know there isn't a judge in the land who would convict you.

By FRANCIS TULLIUS

Call of the NORTHLANDS

WATER is the key to four countries barely 1,000 miles north of Paris . . . the ambient sea embracing Denmark, the sea that juts deeply into Norway . . . the sea that separates Finland and Sweden . . . the sea over which the Vikings sailed and which today supplies modern Northmen with much of their livelihood. You, if you travel north from the Paris Convention, will not be able to escape this overriding sense of the sea, no matter if you wander among the charming farms or in the sparkling cities which have contributed the luster of their names to the pages of European history. For these are historic countries, the home of sturdy people who have wandered the world, who left their mark wherever they have been. It is a good land, where an honest and forthright folk have gone far in meeting today's problems.



Fishing and farming are the two largest occupations of Denmark's 4 million people and the land has been called one vast dairy farm. Haying (above), drying herring (left), and Copenhagen's Gammelstrand fish dock are typical work-scenes.



The sea stripes Copenhagen, Denmark's gay capital.





Water and forests are the conditioners of life in Finland—the waters of its peacefully busy canals (right) which carry a major portion of the nation's trade . . . and the forests and lakes like that which forms the backdrop for the hardy Lapp (below). Only about 3 percent of the land is cultivated—but it also grows pretty girls who climb through fences. For fishermen Finland has 700 miles of exposed Baltic Sea coastline. Following World War I, Finland became an independent republic. Despite the cession of the Isthmus of Karelia to the Soviet Union in 1940, Finnish production from its forests, farms, and some 4,000 factories is at a high level.



(Above and top left) Pietinen



Stamatainen



The great sweep of the Arctic Circle, here cutting the Rovaniemi-Arctic Ocean highway, links the Finns with Sweden and Russia, both former rulers of the sturdy republic which won freedom in 1919.

(Above) Gendreau; (below) Pietinen



A net of 20,300 miles of main roads plus rails and canals begins on this Helsinki street. Finland also has 19,000 miles of secondary road, while some 40,000 vessels use the canals.

(Continued from page 19)



LHL-PIX

Medieval decorations stare eternally out on Bergen's bustling activity as a commercial center of modern Norway.



(Above and left) Press-PIX

Oslo's 275,000 people use this main street when going to the royal palace in background.



Coat embroidery shows how Norse women met style problem during war.

Dynamic statues testify that Norse artists have drawn their inspiration from Norwegian strength. This is from the famed "Fountain" group by Gustav Vigeland, who is called Norway's greatest.



Rathenau-PIX

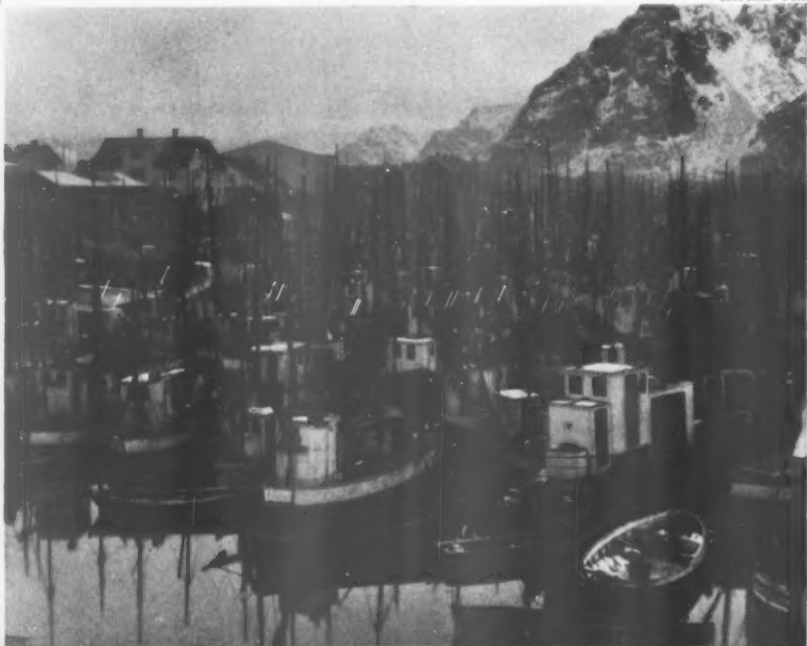
Part of the fleet in which 100,000 Norsemen catch 3 million tons of fish annually.

Hol-Nils-PIX



LHL-PIX

Norway's streets are gay with color when girls wear traditional peasant costumes.





Press-PIX



Eisenstaedt-PIX



Lang-PIX

White-capped students (upper left) remind us that Sweden has virtually abolished illiteracy, as have all the North countries. . . . (Left) Waitresses wear national costumes while on duty at Skansen's Museum.

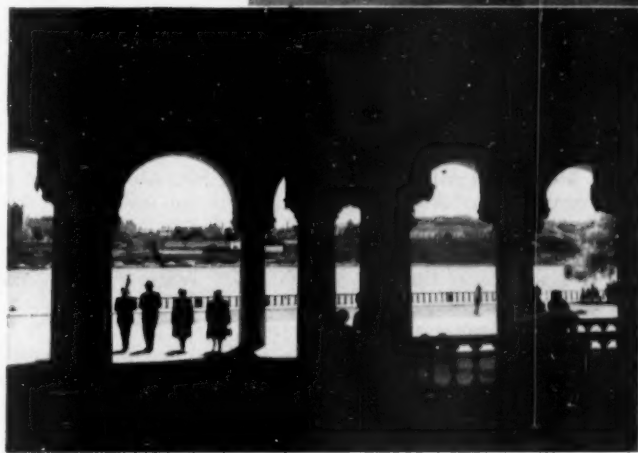
Just as in Michigan or Wisconsin, Swedes use their lakes for Winter ice fishing—and insists that it's fun.



Heurfin

And in the North—Service

DENMARK, Finland, Norway, Sweden—all make a strong point of serving one another, of peaceably living together, of coöperation in solving common problems. Perhaps that's why the 18 million people who live in these democratic countries have such a disproportionate share of the world's respect. Perhaps that is why, also, Rotary found such a welcome there 30 years ago. Now there are 60 Rotary Clubs in Norway, 117 in Sweden, 83 in Denmark, and 58 in Finland. So Conventioners who travel north after Paris (or before) will find the welcome friendship of peoples who share the same beliefs and hopes—this besides scenery without peer, a bracing climate, throbbing cities, and quiet farms.



Press-PIX

Stockholm is run from this town hall (upper), while its boardwalk (above) leads the citizens in to watch their Government.

(Right) Csec-PIX; (below) Lang-PIX



Swedish education may be free and compulsory, but high-school "grads" still cheer and don white caps for a free ride when school is out.

Göteborg's harbor opens another world gateway for Sweden.





PARIS IS READY!

Photo: Galloway

**May 24 starts an exciting adventure in
friendship—Rotary's 1953 Convention.**

By FRANCIS A. KETTANEH

*Chairman, 1953 Convention Committee;
Rotarian, Beirut, Lebanon*

AFTER a lapse of 16 years, a Convention of Rotary International is again called to order outside the Americas. As in 1937, it was originally scheduled to be held in England and had to be moved to France because of a Coronation. Those who have treasured memories of the Nice Convention will be glad to renew old friendships and explore new ones in France. All Rotarians will be able to find out for themselves the truth of the Paris Convention *leit motif*: "Rotary is the golden strand in the cable of international friendship."

It is not my intent to dwell here on the outstanding program of excellent entertainment prepared for your enjoyment. Our good friends of the Paris and Versailles Rotary Clubs in particular and all French Clubs in general have worked out something unique that will show you French hospitality, art, and culture at their best. This aspect of the program is dealt with in another article in this issue. I shall try to tell you a bit about the program of speeches, group meetings, business sessions, etc.

During all day *Sunday, May 24*, Rotarians will register, visit the

beautiful House of Friendship at the Palais de Glace on the Champs Elysées, and about 6 P.M. move in a procession up the Avenue to honor the "Unknown Soldier" reposing under the Arc de Triomphe.

On Sunday evening, at the Palais des Sports, the 1953 Rotary Convention will open to the strains of the *Marseillaise* played by massed regimental bands, and the singing of one of the finest boys' choirs in the world.

On the morning of *Monday, May 25*, a high French Government official will welcome Rotary International to Paris, and Rotarian Fritz Gysin, of Switzerland, will respond. Our President, "Bru" Brunnier, will then declare the Convention officially open, will introduce his "team"—the Board of Directors—and deliver his "state of Rotary" address.

On Monday afternoon Rotarians will assemble in groups at many meeting places to discuss Club and Community Service, exchange viewpoints and experiences, and map out ways and means of improving such Services. Rotarians from the Americas realize that this Convention will give them a

unique opportunity of mixing with a larger proportion of Rotarians from the Old World than has been possible in the past when such Conventions were held on their side of the ocean. It has therefore been decided to break with tradition and to introduce several innovations that will help Rotarians from all over the world know each other better.

It has been decided to keep the number of speeches down to a minimum. Realizing that the classification system which forms the backbone of Rotary could not exist without private enterprise, *Tuesday, May 26*, has been dedicated to the exploration of private enterprise as the mainspring which promotes a higher standard of living and a larger volume of international trade, thus ensuring friendlier relations and better understanding amongst the peoples of the world. Two prominent speakers will discuss this subject on Tuesday morning: Walter Harnischfeger, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, industrialist, who will speak in English, and C. Baumgartner, Governor of the Bank of France, who will speak in French.

After the speeches, our beloved

and genial Past President Maurice Duperrey, of Paris, to whom we shall owe so much for the success of this Convention, will act as moderator on a panel consisting of leading businessmen from several countries. This panel will answer written questions from the floor. Tuesday afternoon will be given over to some 50 small and intimate classification assemblies of Rotarians engaged in similar vocations for further discussion of Vocational Service.

Another break with tradition consists in giving Rotarians and their ladies two free evenings in Paris—Monday and Wednesday. No official events are scheduled for those evenings. Our French friends have gone out of their way to secure block bookings for those two evenings at the Opera, several theaters showing French plays, the Casino de Paris, and the Folies-Bergère.

On Tuesday evening Rotarians will be transported to a fairy-tale event in the enchanting setting of the Gardens of Versailles. Then, on the morning of *Wednesday, May 27*, we shall have only one speaker: Paul van Zeeland, Belgium's Minister of Foreign Affairs,

who will view the rôle of Rotary in promoting international understanding and goodwill. The report of the Council on Legislation will be presented and acted upon on Wednesday morning, too. In the afternoon, as on two other afternoons, we shall hold fashion and millinery shows, with tea, for the ladies at a locale on the Champs Elysées. A system of free tickets will assure that all ladies can attend. In the meantime Rotarians will assemble again in groups to discuss the international aspect of Rotary service.

Thursday, May 28, will start with the presentation of various Committee reports; also the presentation of Committeemen of the host Clubs who have organized and contributed to the success of the Convention. The incoming President will then be presented to the Convention. He will present his incoming Board and the wives of both the outgoing and the incoming Presidents will also be presented. With the final message from the President and a message from the incoming President, the Convention will adjourn to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne*. Again breaking with tradition, this will be the only organized community singing at the Convention.

Thursday evening the festive

part of the Convention will be brought to a close by the President's Ball, to be held at several places because it was impossible to find a single hall large enough to accommodate the thousands of Rotarians assembling in Paris. Again the host Clubs have performed yeomen service in getting together for your pleasure and enjoyment a fine program that will be appreciated by those who dance as well as by those who look on.

Rotarians and their families are especially urged to visit the House of Friendship, which will display very instructive exhibits depicting the various Provinces of France. They will show their specialties, both cultural and gastronomic; scenes and views for which they are famous; etc. Parisian *haute couture* and millinery will hold special showings for the ladies at the House of Friendship. The authorities in Paris have arranged for opening the museums at late hours in the afternoon and evening to enable those Rotarians who would like to see France's artistic treasures to do so without missing any of the regular Convention meetings.

In concluding, may I make a plea to my fellow Rotarians for a tolerant understanding of some of the breaks with tradition. I would like to point out to them that they can always have the foods, entertainment, and speakers they are used to having at home. In Paris they have a unique opportunity of sampling French and Continental foods, viewing Continental entertainment, and listening to speakers from Europe whom they would not normally hear back in their own country.

I hope they will not be too disappointed if their hotel accommodations do not measure up to North American standards. Not everyone of them can be assigned a room with bathroom attached. I know, however, that as good sports and Rotarians, they will make light of these slight inconveniences and concentrate on enjoying one of the most rewarding experiences—Springtime in Paris with a world of friends gathered 'round!

Paris' famed L'Opéra, built of luxurious marbles between 1865 and 1875, reflects the well-being of France during the reign of Napoleon III.



Photo: Gendreau

Our Hospitality Awaits You

A preview of entertainment at Rotary's Convention in Paris.

THE month of May is here—and with it comes Rotary's long-awaited Convention in Paris (May 24-28). In having chosen those dates we are most fortunate, for they fall during what we in France and in most of Europe know as the Pentecostal vacation.

Taking advantage of this holiday, the host Clubs of Paris and Versailles are coöperating to give Convention festivities a glamour probably unexceeded by any previous Rotary reunions.

Paris herself will display all the jewels that Nature showered upon her and will show Rotarians from around the world the true face of France: smiling and serene despite trials and vicissitudes she

This last-minute report from France was received just before press time . . . and is from the pens of Jean Dusausoy, of Paris, Chairman of the Host Clubs Executive Committee, and Pierre Yvert, of Amiens, Rotary's First Vice-President.

endured during two world wars.

Spring, of course, will add magic to the name "Paris." And when we refer to Paris we refer not to that false and too famous concept of it called *gay Paree*, but, rather, to the true Paris with its monuments to a rich history, its university, its museums, its parks, its

beautiful flower gardens, and its *Parisiennes*—its *midinettes* and its fashionable ladies. All these the last days of May will find at their best: radiant and elegant as a dream. That is Paris.

The Executive Committee of the host Clubs has given Rotarian Emile Lévy the chief responsibility of entertaining the thousands of Rotarians who will attend. Rotarian Lévy is also connected with the Festival Commission presided over by Rotarian Laurens-Frings.

It is our pleasure to tell you of some of the things they have planned. Let us start with the House of Friendship, which, during all hours of the day, will be a meeting place for Conventioners. It will be in the Palais de Glace, lovely circular structure centrally located on the famous Champs Elysées. Rotarians and members of their families will always be welcome. All French Rotary Clubs will participate in decorating the House of Friendship, this demonstrating to our visitors that it is not only the host Clubs that are welcoming them, but actually all the Rotary Clubs of France!

Three main features will distinguish the Convention entertainment: the opening ceremony on Sunday evening, May 24; the Festival of Versailles on Tuesday evening, May 26; and the President's Ball on Thursday evening, May 28.

The Convention will open Sunday evening at the Palais des Sports, better known as the *Vélodrome d'Hiver*. Located on the left bank of the Seine, near the Eiffel Tower and the Champ de Mars, it will accommodate more than 10,000 people. The "*Vél d'Hiv*" will be especially decorated and the surroundings will help to create an atmosphere conducive

A welcome from the President of the Republic of France—M. Vincent Auriol. The inscription reads: "To the international President of the Rotary Clubs—with all goodwill."



*Au Président International des Rotary Clubs
En route sympathie
Auriol 6 11-2-53*



Photo: Schall-PIX

In the beautiful gardens of Versailles—where splashing, color-lighted fountains will form the backdrop for a grand spectacle of water ballet and fireworks Tuesday night of Convention Week.

to fellowship and to the program of the evening.

The Garde Républicaine and the famous band of the French Air Force will share the ring with a remarkable squadron of cavalry in a rich and colorful spectacle. Then we shall hear the famous *Petits Chanteurs à la Croix de Bois*, an imposing choir of 300 voices under the direction of Monseigneur Maillet. Other spectacular attractions will enrich this program—which carries the general title of "France of all ages and of all regions welcomes Rotary." It will serve as a beautiful introduction to a grand week.

On Tuesday evening, May 26, the Rotary Club of Versailles will entertain: Versailles, illustrious creation of Louis XIV, the City of the Kings—those same Kings who, through the centuries, built France. The ceremony will take place around the *Bassin de Neptune*, in the park of the chateau of Versailles. Here, amidst enchanting splendor, thousands of Rotarians and their guests will watch aquatic ballets and fireworks as the illuminated *grandes eaux* project skyward all the dazzle of their lights.

Thursday evening, May 28, brings the entertainment climax of the Convention: the President's

Ball—a gala night of dancing and fun. Then—*Auld lang syne!*

Though these are the high lights of the Convention entertainment, they do not embrace the many other events planned for both the pleasure of the eyes and the enrichment of the spirit.

Monday and Wednesday evenings, for example, will be open. Would you like to go to the theater? The Rotary Club of Paris has reserved hundreds of good seats at the Opera—celebrated by Garnier—where you will see the opera ballet *Les Indes Galantes*, a box-office success. If you prefer the classical theater, you may go to the theater of the *Comédie Française*, where you can applaud any of the great classics of the repertoire, such as *Cyrano de Bergerac*. For Rotarians favoring a lighter form of entertainment, entire sections have been reserved at the *Folies-Bergère* and at the *Casino de Paris*—two institutions to which Parisians never venture except to satisfy the curiosity of some visitor friend from the country or elsewhere. Seats for the foregoing entertainment functions are on sale to Rotarians and are not included in the program of official activities. Seats must be ordered before May 1.

Music lovers will hear a concert

of beautiful religious music presented especially for them in the old church of Saint-Eustache, in the very heart of *Les Halles*. Furthermore, the conservator of the Louvre has promised, as an exception, to keep open the doors of France's most famous museum in order to allow everyone to admire to his heart's content the masterpieces of all ages and of all schools which have brought fame to the Louvre. The building will, in fact, be open at night, and will be illuminated.

The ladies have not been forgotten: they will be regaled with fashion shows presenting the latest Paris creations of famed couturiers and milliners. These parades of fashion will take place on three afternoons so that all ladies can attend. Madame Roger de Villemorin, Chairman of the Ladies Committee of the host Clubs and charming wife of the President of the Rotary Club of Paris, will be their hostess. Enchanting surroundings, flowers, and tea should make these afternoons memorable indeed. A European luncheon for Rotarians who are members of *Petits Comités* on the Continent will interest many Convention-goers.

All this, our Rotarian friends from all over the world who are coming to Paris, is being prepared by a group of men and women who are giving freely and happily of their time and abilities so that your Convention badge may be your passport to a country where "beauty" and "nobility" are not vain words, but a tangible reality.

Welcome to all! And do not forget: *Il n'est bon bec que de Paris.*

BREATHING the air of Paris, you will realize that its people thrill to everything that gives value to life: taste, elegance, creative joy, suffering, love, liberty. Everything human is exalted in the soul of Lutece. That is why Paris belongs to the universe. That is why you will feel at home in Paris.

—Maurice Duperrey
President, Rotary International,
1937-38; Member of the Rotary
Club of Paris, France.



Yes!

Says Howard W. Selby



Mr. Selby is general manager of United Farmers of New England, a coöperative creamery association in Vermont and Massachusetts. He is a member of the Newton, Mass., Rotary Club, and has served as a Director of Rotary International.

ALL BUSINESS fits into one of four types: the individually owned business, the partnership, the ordinary business corporation, and the coöperative business corporation.

Each of these basic types has its distinguishing characteristics, its peculiar types of direction and control, its form of ownership, and, generally, its particular purpose and function in the community. It is as inaccurate and unfair to lump the four types together and state that one description fits them as it is to say that one method of taxation is right or fair for all.

Even within the coöperative category there is a great variety of types. They are represented by such diverse groups as the Associated Press, the California Fruit Growers Sunkist organization, the Land O'Lakes Creameries, the numerous grocery associations of independent storekeepers, consumer coöperatives, housing and health associations, mutual insurance companies, and credit unions.

Then there are farmers' purchasing organizations and farmers' marketing associations. And thousands of small businessmen perform services for themselves on a pooled or coöperative basis with other small business organizations.

The point to remember is that all the many varieties within the four basic groups make up the American private-enterprise system. They are as different as the needs they meet and the services they perform. They are as varied as the minds of the men who function within them. Each is valid and is entitled to fair treatment.

Legally speaking, coöperatives are simply multiple partnerships having limited liability. And each coöperative has been established to perform a service required by its members, rather than to make a profit for the investors or stockholders. The farmers' marketing coöperative, for instance, is the off-farm sales department of the individual farm businessmen who coöperate to do their marketing job collectively.

Private corporations represent the interests primarily of those who have invested surplus funds in order to earn dividends. The coöperative is an association of people, while the stock corporation is in-

COOPER Are They

Ever since 28 weavers of Rochdale, England, pooled funds a century ago to start a jointly operated store, businessmen, farmers, and other groups have united in "coöperatives." A perennial but again timely question

Debate - of

animate. The motivation of the coöperative is non-profit service, while that of the private corporation is profits.

But a coöperative, whether marketing or purchasing, cannot remain in business long unless its income at least equals or exceeds its costs of operation. In ordinary business practice we call this "profits." Closely related to profits, yet essentially different, are savings due to efficiency or to economy in the costs of doing business. Anyone who has had experience in budgeting for a family, a church, or a civic or service association will realize the difference between profit, in the usual meaning of the word, and savings.

Coöperatives are set up to save money for their members. A purchasing coöperative tries to save on the costs of the things it buys. A marketing coöperative seeks economy in the distribution of its products and to secure a market more closely identified with its own production. In short, coöperatives endeavor to obtain the best possible price for their goods and the lowest possible costs of distribution and to own the tools of distribution. They do this because usually outside business organizations have not met their needs adequately or satisfactorily.

Dairy farmers, for example, traditionally buy the things they use in their farm business at retail prices and are forced to sell the product of their farms at wholesale prices. By owning their own facilities and tools of marketing they can develop a ratio between their costs and selling prices that is more nearly in line with other types of business.

Dairy farmers in the past were not only faced with this economic squeeze, but if they were located in an area far from market without dependable markets or organizations in the community upon which they could rely for the sale of their milk, they were faced with the problem of securing a market. The dairy farmer who today has a large farm investment cannot afford to have an insecure market. If he is not a coöperative member, he frequently is at the mercy of the private corporation or individual milk dealer. He has no guaranty that his milk will be marketed by hands other [Continued on page 50]

ATIVES

Taxed Fairly?

about "coöps" is how they should be taxed. Here are representative views by two authorities on opposing sides of the question . . . forming our debate-of-the-month in the Vocational Service vein.—THE EDITORS.

No!

Replies Noah M. Mason

Mr. Mason is a member of the United States Congress from Illinois, and is a former member of the Illinois State Senate. Prior to entering government service, he was an educational administrator. His home town is Oglesby, Ill.



Underwood

-the-Month

TO PUT the matter in a single sentence, coöperatives are *not* taxed fairly because they are scarcely taxed at all *on income*. In a day when the Federal Government taxes other businesses to the hilt, it is ridiculously unfair to continue an old-time exemption that is actually based on nothing more substantial than terminology.

The power of the Government to tax coöperatives was clearly enunciated by the unbiased tax experts of the Treasury Department and the Congressional Joint Committee on Internal Revenue in a report written for the House Ways and Means Committee two years ago:

The fact that coöperatives are corporations and that Congress has the constitutional power to tax them as corporations may appear so obvious that discussion of the proposition is unnecessary. However, general statements have been made to the effect that the coöperatives are only agents, partnerships, or trusts, with the implication that they are not entities in their own right capable of having income subject to tax. For this reason it is necessary to establish beyond question the fact that the coöperatives are separate corporate entities which are taxable as such.

That disposes of the coöperative claim that it would be unfair and unconstitutional to impose income tax on their earnings. (I am talking, in case some reader becomes confused, solely about Federal income taxes—the biggest of all the taxes that individuals and corporations have to pay today. I admit freely that coöperatives pay local real-estate taxes, Social Security taxes, and suchlike, but they do not pay today's heavy Federal income taxes.)

The unfairness of the present situation shows in half a dozen or more specific items that I can name:

1. The shelves of every grocery store in the land—and practically every home pantry and refrigerator as well—are filled with coöp products (never very plainly labelled as coöp) which are advertised by the expenditure of millions of dollars a year, but in most instances pay less Federal income tax than the smallest-income customer who buys them. There is nothing fair about that.

2. Company after company has shifted, in recent years, from regular corporate ownership to coöperative corporation. A vice-president of one of the big-

gest sugar companies in the U.S.A. told a Congressional committee a few years ago, "We became a coöperative to escape income tax." There is nothing fair about that.

3. Coöperatives are able to grow abnormally big on retained earnings that competitors must pay in Federal income taxes. Several recent studies reveal that most little companies fail because of the income taxes they have to pay. Coöperatives seldom fail if they have even reasonably decent business management—and in case after case they have been able to buy out competitors at inflated prices because they can capitalize their ownership without consideration of the high cost of Federal income taxes. There is nothing fair about that.

4. The recipients of patronage dividends from farmer coöperatives are supposed to pay Federal income taxes on whatever they get. But in the case of city consumer coöps—grocery stores, college stores, etc.—neither the coöperatives themselves nor their patrons are required either to report patronage dividends or to pay tax on them. They are operating in direct competition with other stores. There is nothing fair about that.

5. The 1951 Revenue Act wrote into law a most disregarded Treasury regulation that farmer recipients of coöperative patronage dividends should report them and pay individual income tax, whether the patronage dividends were paid in cash, stock, scrip, merchandise, book allocations, or what-not. Probably a majority of coöps pay their patronage dividends in something other than cash, which may or may not ever have cash value. It is distinctly unfair to the farmer to make him pay income tax on a dead horse. The coöperative corporation should pay the tax.

You must understand that freedom from Federal income taxes accounts in large measure for the colossal growth of coöperatives, building and loans, and other mutuals. In 1916, when they were first granted exemption from the income tax of 2 percent, they were little business. Through the years, as the tax rate has mounted and their advantage has become greater, they have steadily [Continued on page 50]

You, Your Son, and the Weather

*A bit of ingenuity—
and you're a meteorologist!*

By HERMAN SCHNEIDER



I Measuring the speed of wind are a lad and author Herman Schneider, consultant in science for New York City elementary schools. Their anemometer is made from four paper cups, an old clothes hanger, strips of pasteboard centered on a glass eye dropper (with its opening downward). To determine the wind's speed in miles per hour, they count the turns in half a minute, and divide by five.

Photos: Grundy from Three Lions

MY CHILDREN hold me personally responsible for the weather. That is the reason I dedicated a book* to them a year or two ago: it explained how the weather works. It also went a bit further and explained how a youngster—any youngster—could make his own weather equipment and his own predictions. That's what we have done in our family.

Sound impossible? Then take a second look at the photos on these pages. As a Rotarian up to your chin in Youth Service—maybe as a father, maybe as leader of a Boy Scout troop, or whatever—you might find here some fascinating hours for young fingers and youthful heads. You might, like that typical father who plays with Junior's electric train, have some fun yourself.

It costs just about nothing. Your materials, as you can see here, look like objects from a household scavenger hunt—maybe the whole works will cost 50 cents.

But don't let the homely looks fool



2 These are the materials for making weather instruments. And this young fellow is starting with the barometer. First he cuts an arched opening in the milk carton: it must be large enough to admit the tin can (center). By cutting around the round seal on the carton, he gets it properly centered. Then he will turn the carton upside down and cut out an "H"-shaped pattern with a knife or razor. Separating the "H" at its center bar, he gets two upright strips at right angles to the bottom of the carton. These pieces will be the standards through which the needle will turn.

* *Everyday Weather and How It Works*, McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.



3 He smooths the open top of the small tin can, then covers the opening with a balloon rubber patch, binding it taut to make air tight. Then he ties a cardboard match to a length of thread, glues the match and string to center of rubber drum top with scotch tape.



4 (Right) He puts the can into carton, then pushes thread up through the "H" trapdoor. After threading a broom straw through the needle, he glues it in place. He winds thread twice to left around needle and lets pennyweight in paper clip hang over the side.



5 (Above) The lad fixes the dial indicator with pins (since glue won't work on a waxed surface), so broom straw moves freely in front of the card in full 180 degrees. Thus when atmospheric pressures change, rubber top of can moves up or down—pulling hand of dial.

6 Homemade hygrometer (to measure moisture in the air) works like barometer. Instead of string, a nine-inch human hair is used. Indicating dial is calibrated with numbers 1 to 8, marked "moist" at low numbers, "dry" at high. To adjust, leave device in a steamy bathroom, and set straw at "moist." Human hair stretches or contracts in different humidity.



you. Precision these gadgets may lack, but they are scientifically sound. Take the homemade barometer, for example. A commercial one would cost upward of \$30. You can make one from a milk carton (or if your community still uses bottles, you can improvise with cardboard and paraffin), a tin can, a piece of a rubber balloon, a paper clip, a needle and thread, nail polish, a broom straw, a white card, scotch tape, a paper match, two thumbtacks, and two pennies. Then you can read changes in the air pressure. Rising pressure means cooler, heavier air.

Equally humble is your hygrometer. It's based on the scientific fact that human hair stretches in humid air. Used with the barometer, this little gadget can warn of approaching rain. Try it on your Scout troop; get the boys to predict the weather for their own overnight hike. But make sure that you have your information down pat before you start to answer their questions!

The same simple tinkering can produce an anemometer to measure wind with whirling paper cups. You can even make a rainy day fun with a simple rain gauge.

One thing about meteorology as a youngster's hobby: you have weather all year around, and it's as exciting as a thunderstorm. If your predictions stray from events, well, that just proves how close you are to the professional weathermen themselves.

7 How are the wind currents? This indicator tells whether drafts are up or down. Rising air draft makes it spin to the left; downward current makes it rotate toward right.



8 His weather instruments complete, he holds a windvane and anemometer. On the table, left to right, are barometer, rain gauge, current indicator, and hygrometer. Now he's in business as a junior meteorologist, all set to learn about weather maps—and announce his own predictions.

9 A rainy day makes him happy: he predicted showers with his own instruments—built for 50 cents. Soon he will paddle outdoors to his rain gauge to see if he and the weatherman agree.



Portage Gives Townsfolk a Lift with a

FREE

Employment

BUREAU



Here's one way Portage, Wis., businessmen learn about the Rotary employment bureau. William W. Leitsch (standing), Club President, explains to Hardwareman E. J. Murphy how the bureau works. Rotarians W. Coyle and R. Klenert help him do it.

WHEN French explorers and fur traders came down the Wisconsin River in the 1600s, en route to Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, they paddled their canoes until they reached shoal water. Then they hoisted them on their shoulders and hiked overland to the Fox River, one mile away. Today, a canal connects the Wisconsin and the Fox, and on the ground over which those early settlers trekked stands a good-to-live-in community appropriately named Portage, Wisconsin.

That this rural town of 8,000 people has a Rotary Club will surprise no one. That it has an employment bureau may surprise many for, as businessmen know, such agencies rarely operate in small cities. The existence of the two is related: the Rotary Club sponsors the employment bureau—and on a not-for-profit basis in which it asks no fee from either employer or employee. Operating costs are met entirely by the

Club, and the service has benefited the community immeasurably.

For example, how can anyone measure what it meant to an Indian boy in Portage to get a part-time job right when he needed one? With his black hair slicked down and his dark eyes gleam, this son of the Winnebagoes walked into the bureau one day and said he wanted to earn some money. His reason: all his young friends had spending money; he never did. A part-time job would change that, he figured. And it did. It put money in his pockets and made him feel better among his pals.

It was for teen-agers, incidentally, that a local church had started the bureau, but mainly for the young people in its own membership. The Club saw the service as a community-wide operation and told its plans to church officials, who agreed that the Club should take it over. That was in 1950; since then some 500 placements have been made.

At the start, it was planned to have the work of the bureau rotate from one member's office to another, but it never happened that way because of a generous offer that came from Mrs. Grace Manley, the pleasant, cooperative secretary of the Portage Chamber of Commerce. She would take on the work of the employment service, without charge, at the chamber's office in the Raulf Hotel. The Club eagerly accepted, and the bureau is operated that way today.

It was decided at the outset—and wisely—that the bureau would not try to cover the entire labor market in Portage. Thus, its principal aim is to supply part-time work for young people and the elderly. Salesgirls, typists, bookkeepers, janitors, file clerks—all have been placed for week-end or after-school work; seamstresses have obtained sewing to do at home; and scores of baby sitters, house cleaners, window washers, and yard workers have similarly ob-



Behind her desk in the Raulf Hotel, Mrs. Grace Manley, who runs the bureau along with her duties as Chamber of Commerce secretary, interviews applicants (left to right) Kenneth Burbach, Jr., David Eulberg, Sandra Hartman.



Kenneth, David, and Sandra got jobs, too! David makes some windows sparkle on his after-school job, while Ken is busy elsewhere doing yard work. Sandra filled a request for a baby sitter, as the photo on the opposite page shows. The bureau is able to furnish workers quickly.



Typical of bureau applicants is Howard Cook, shown filling out an application for part-time work with Mrs. Manley assisting him. He is applying for any kind of work on Saturday only.



After taking a job on the farm of Leonard Statz, Club Vice-President, Howard Cook, now in his work clothes, gets some instructions from Rotarian Statz about his chores. The first one calls for some shovel work to do a job that Farmer Statz hasn't been able to get to during his busy days.

tained several hundred hours of work.

Such jobs must be filled quickly, for usually a baby sitter or a yard worker is wanted either "right away," "sometime this afternoon," or "tonight at 7." Because its labor pool of young people is large, the bureau is usually able to fill such requests within 30 minutes. When local vegetable canning factories need help, fast action is called for, too. This is a seasonal demand the bureau meets and in doing so it provides work for many people of all ages.

Regarding age and other requirements, Lawyer William W. Leitsch, Club President, says: "Applicants must have reached a minimum age and each is assured of a minimum hourly wage. There are other safeguards that we take, too, such as requiring that baby sitters be given safe conduct home. As for determining the ability of applicants, all are screened. In a small community such as ours, this is not difficult. A call to a former employer is usually all that is necessary, and, of course, each report is held confidential."

With employers turning to it more and more for the help they need, the bureau's rôle in the life of the community is ever widening. Portage's churches and schools endorse it, and the welfare office frequently relies upon it to provide part-time jobs for persons physically unable to work regularly.

In this job of providing jobs, there's something else the bureau is accomplishing, too. It happens when a spry oldster comes in and wants a job "just to feel useful," and is soon working as a street-crossing guard. It also happens when a teen-ager earns money for some of his needs, and thereby learns a lesson in responsible living. Yes, the Portage bureau is providing jobs—and with them go many intangible benefits.

—BY ROBERT A. PLACEK



Next comes the job of filling the feed trough for the pigs, and Hired Hand Cook, though a full-time garage mechanic, does it like an old-timer.



A reliable "sitter," Sandra gets frequent jobs tending youngsters through the Rotary employment bureau. Here it's story time for three lads she's sitting with. Later, Sandra will be taken to her home.

Photos: Harry Maser

YOUTH RALLIES in EUROPE

Under the Rotary Wheel



British and German youths sample Rhenish mineral water during a 15-day rally in the Rhine area sponsored by Rotary Clubs of Cologne, Germany, and Guildford, England.



ALONG the shores of Sweden's Lake Stora Rengen, near Vardsnäs, is a picturesque Summer camp with every facility for a happy vacation. It is the site of an annual international gathering of students sponsored by the Rotary Clubs of the Swedish Province of Östergötland (District 85). One recent rally on this lake shore brought together a score of young men from nine nations to discuss such matters as human rights and world peace, and to stretch muscles on an athletic field, go cycling and motorboat cruising, and make industrial tours in near-by towns. When it was all over, the boys sat down to collaborate on a report of their experiences. "We have learned much about tolerance and respect for other points of view," they declared, "and at the same time have learned to express our own more clearly."

Thus did one group of students typify what is being accomplished by the scores of youth rallies sponsored yearly by Rotary Districts and individual Clubs in Europe. Some are exchanges between two cooperating Districts, others are arranged for the sons of Rotarians in several countries, while still others, like the Swedish rally, bring together students from Rotary communities within one District. Though they may differ in planning, all have a common purpose: to enable European youth to learn, firsthand, how to get along with their international neighbors.

As sponsors of youth rallies and exchanges, Rotary Clubs of Europe have long experience. During the years between World Wars I and II, youth exchanges were arranged frequently by a special Rotary Committee for Clubs in France, Austria, and Germany. Also, French Clubs organized tours for visiting children of Rotarians from other lands, and the Rotary Clubs of Belgium similarly hosted visiting young people. Danish Rotarians, too, have for at least two decades been active in arranging intercountry exchanges of youth. After World War II ended and Rotary returned to nations where it had disbanded, Rotary youth rallies in Europe were resumed and today are being intensified. On this and following pages are pictorial examples of recent rallies sponsored by Rotary Districts and Clubs of several European nations.



Four participants in District 86's youth camp take a dip in Switzerland's scenic Lake of Thoune.

On a summit in the Bernese Oberland reached by Alpine railway, 24 boys from England, France, Germany, and The Netherlands spend a day enjoying the grandeur of the Alps during the Swiss Clubs' 14-day youth outing at Gwatt.



A gay tune by a fellow camper enlivens a motorboat ride during a two-week youth meeting conducted by the Rotary Clubs of Stockholm and Söder, Sweden, at the near-by town of Gräninge.



Applauding are the 26 boys from ten nations at the Stockholm meeting.



Stockholm's youthful visitors tour one of its byways.



© Sheffield Telegraph & Star

Hiking with Thos. H. Cashmore, a Rotary Director, are some of the 34 youths from 11 nations at the Sheffield, England, Club's rally.



In Lucca, Italy, Rotary sons and daughters go sight-seeing during Viareggio meeting (see next page).



Aboard this floating youth camp, 66 boys from 12 nations spent six days cruising to many ports in The Netherlands. The cruise was sponsored by the 36 Dutch Rotary Clubs within District 66.

With the theme "How can we build a better and more democratic world?" seven Clubs in the Swedish County of East Gothia arranged a youth get-together for these students of nine nations.



Lunch in Florence for participants of the Italian youth center.

Those 15 Days in Italy

ON ITALY'S Western shores, in the region touched by the Ligurian Sea, is the sunny community of Viareggio. Memories of it and other Tuscany towns are still fresh in the minds of some 30 young men and women—sons and daughters of Rotarians—who gathered there last Summer for an international youth meeting organized by the Rotary Clubs of Italy (District 87). For 15 busy days these young people from eight European countries took part in lively discussions and lectures at Viareggio's Christopher Columbus Institute, visited a score of towns on conducted tours, and were entertained by several Rotary Clubs. When it was over, one of the participants wrote from her home in France, "At Viareggio international understanding was not a mere slogan. Deep-rooted friendships were born there." Shown on this page are the young people and some of their experiences.



Fontanelli



Grossi



Leoni

In Siena (at top) for a day, the Italian youth-center group pauses at a village square while the guides acquaint them with the sights. . . . (Above) At another stop in Siena to listen to a guide, a cameraman "shoots" them all together. . . . (Left) On a high ridge near Le Apuane, these young men and women from eight European nations look across the valleys of Tuscany to see the Apennine Mountains that extend far south to the "toe" of Italy.

*This month: biographies of people
who have changed the course of nations.*

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

BRUCE HUTCHISON has given to his new book, *The Incredible Canadian*, a long subtitle—"A Candid Portrait of Mackenzie King: his Works, his Times, and his Nation." This is to suggest that the book is something more than a conventional biography, and the suggestion is fully justified.

It is, however, as portrayal of Mackenzie King the man that *The Incredible Canadian* first won my interest. I opened the book precisely at the middle of its 450 pages (according to my reviewer's habit of sampling), and read the account of the author's private dinner with King following the latter's meeting with Hitler in 1937:

The visitor might well be disconcerted by the somber, candle-lighting dining room, the weight of an Irish terrier on his feet, the ghostly portraits on the walls, and the butler emerging suddenly from the shadows and disappearing again without a sound. The room was excessively large for the two men at one end of the long table. King felt no oppression. He ate with relish and talked with abandon. Looking peculiarly white and tiny in the flicker of the candles, he talked about everything. . . .

I then turned back to page 1 and read *The Incredible Canadian* straight through. Simply as "a candid portrait of Mackenzie King" it is an outstanding biography. Mr. Hutchison recognizes consistently the dramatic elements in his material; unflinchingly he reveals that drama to the reader, makes men and incidents live.*

Page after page, Mr. Hutchison's way of writing achieves for the reader the sense of vitality, of dramatic reality. Nor is this brilliance ever a matter of showing off, of demonstrating the writer's cleverness. In *The Incredible Canadian* the potent style is always functional, genuinely illuminating in relation to the writer's purpose. With remarkable conciseness and yet with such emphasis

that it remains in the reader's mind throughout all the pages to follow, Mr. Hutchison shows the influence on King as boy and youth of the fact that his mother's father had been a rebel in the trouble of 1837—an exile, with a price on his head. With similar economy (and with unflinching good taste) he deals with such aspects of King's personal life as his extreme devotion to his mother and indifference to other women, and his interest in spiritualism. Yet the greatest dividends of the author's skill are obtained in his narrative of the struggles and triumphs—above all, the compromises—of King's amazing public career.

I am not competent to judge Mr.

Popular Music

*The songs we parents knew when young,
Have been revived and sung and swung,
And now our children dance and sing,
To what is called the latest thing.*

*We like to hear nostalgic tunes,
Recalling youthful moons and Junes,
And kids don't seem to understand,
The "latest thing" is secondhand.*

*But, with fewer songs composed today,
What will our children's children say,
When Grandma's tunes are played as
new,*

And re-revived in 'eighty-two?

—MRS. RUSS CLOVER

Hutchison's book, as history, by reference to external authority. All that I have learned in many years of critical practice, however, leads me to accept that word "candid" in the subtitle as appropriate and justified. If Mr. Hutchison's knowledge of Canadian history and his insights into Canadian character have been adequate to his purpose, this is a great biography.

It hardly seemed likely that the thousands of books about Lincoln left a place

unoccupied, for which still another book was really needed. Yet Ruth Painter Randall, wife of the late and great Lincoln scholar, J. G. Randall, found such a need and has fulfilled it admirably. *Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage* provides for thousands of readers the true portrayal of a woman whose character and career have been, in all the multitude of books about Lincoln, generally distorted and maligned.

There can be no quarrelling with Mrs. Randall's facts. She has built her case scrupulously, with the true scholar's attention to all the data: disposing of the attractive myth of Lincoln's love for Ann Rutledge, clarifying a score of controversial passages in his relation to Mary Todd before their marriage, establishing Mary as an affectionate and devoted bride willingly sharing poverty and hardship. The subsequent gradual changes in Mary Lincoln's personality and conduct are traced with equal fidelity. I am not sure to what degree—in her praiseworthy and richly justified desire to do justice to a woman so long misrepresented—Mrs. Randall recognizes the ultimate quality of the relationship between Lincoln and his wife, in the final years in the White House, as it is revealed in her own remorseless, day-by-day record of Mary's jealousies, extravagances, hysterical and demanding dependence. The fact that mental illness lay behind this deterioration of character makes it no less poignant a factor in Lincoln's tragedy.

There is much new and valuable material, the fruit of sympathetic insight coupled with most thorough research, in Mrs. Randall's account of Mary Lincoln's later years. All told, this is a fine book.

* * *

Betty Miller, the wife of a London barrister, has written in *Robert Browning: A Portrait* a biography which I have read with lively pleasure and recommend with enthusiasm. It is in effect really a double portrait, for inevitably the biographer of Browning deals largely and significantly with Elizabeth Barrett as well. In its treatment of the relations between Browning and his wife, the good sense and good taste of this book have the effect of opening windows, of really illuminating. I am most grateful, however, for new views—new either in fact or in interpretation and emphasis—of Browning's earlier years—before he met Elizabeth Barrett—and of his later years after her death.

* * *

A life so eventful and so fully documented as that of Edwin Booth provides the biographer with an embarrassing wealth of detail. In *Prince of Players: Edwin Booth*, Eleanor Ruggles has not quite mastered the resulting problem: in her book, it is often hard to see the woods for the trees. She has recognized

* For an article by Mr. Hutchison, see *What Makes Canadians Canadians?*, THE ROTARIAN for March, 1950.

the necessity of setting Booth's life and character in relation to the strange story of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, and has attempted also to portray his brothers and sisters, notably the ill-starred John Wilkes, murderer of Lincoln. Thus the book becomes in part a biography of the family, while it is also of necessity in part a history of the 19th Century theater. Those passages which do focus Edwin Booth clearly, however, are moving and revealing, and the book as a whole provides a wealth of lively incidents and sharply noted personalities.

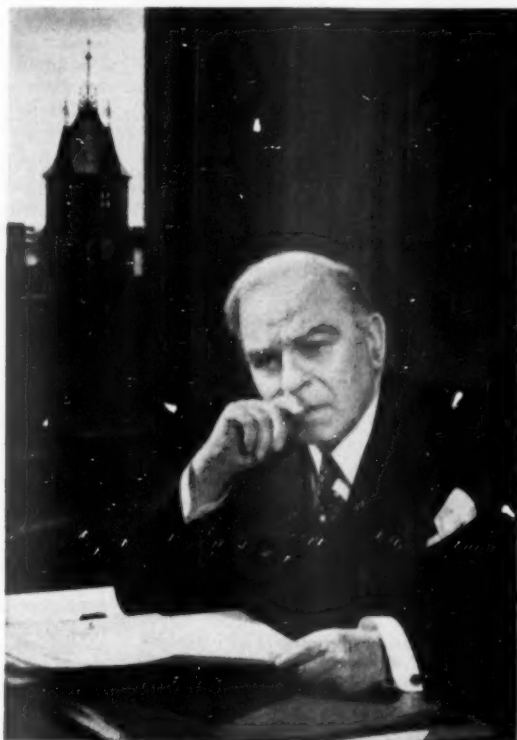
In *Lincoln and Greeley*, Harlan Hoyt Horner has made another contribution of real value to our knowledge of Lincoln's life and times, and our understanding of his career. The book rather sharply objectifies—though with no invalidating partisanship—Greeley's vanities and impracticalities, in contrast to what Mr. Horner calls Lincoln's "uncommon common sense." Yet it is clear that Greeley has won a large degree of the author's affection, with the result that the book holds warm human appeal as well as substantial historical merit.

Carl Sandburg's *Always the Young Strangers* begins with a rhetorical flourish, but soon settles down to simple and appropriate narration of a boyhood in a small Midwestern city and a home of Swedish-born parents some 60 years ago. It is a narrative of wide appeal and of positive meaning, a worthy addition to

the author's contribution to the recording and interpretation of life in the United States.

Outstanding in its firm analysis of a subject of very definite current importance, and in pleasant and readable writing in a field where such qualities are rare, is *The Foreign Policy of the British Labour Government, 1945-1951*, by M. A. Fitzsimons. The international situation of today, with its tremendous significance for all of us, is in part what the Labour Government's foreign policy has made it. Concisely and objectively Mr. Fitzsimons examines the problems of foreign policy inherited by the Labour Government, and the economic, political, and ideological factors which shaped its treatment of foreign affairs in successive stages. Based on impartial and thorough study, this book makes a contribution of definite value. It is the fifth in a series of International Studies of the Committee on International Relations at the University of Notre Dame, among which *Bolshevism: An Introduction to Soviet Communism*, by Waldemar Gurian, is especially important.

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices: *The Incredible Canadian*, Bruce Hutchinson (Longmans, \$5).—*Mary Lincoln*, Ruth Painter Randall (Little, Brown, \$5.75).—*Lincoln and Greeley*, Harlan Hoyt Horner (University of Illinois Press, \$6).—*Robert Browning*, Betty Miller (Scribner's, \$5).—*Prince of Players: Edwin Booth*, Eleanor Ruggles (Norton, \$4.50).—*Always the Young Strangers*, Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace, \$5).—*The Foreign Policy of the British Labour Government, 1945-1951*, M. A. Fitzsimons (University of Notre Dame Press, \$3).



A Karsh photographic study of Mackenzie King, late Prime Minister of Canada. A "candid portrait" of him has been written by Bruce Hutchinson.

Looking at MOVIES

BY JANE LOCKHART

Key: Audience Suitability: M—Mature. Y—Younger. C—Children. ★—Of More Than Passing Interest.

★ **The Amazing Monsieur Fabre** (Futter Productions). Pierre Fresnay. French cast, English dialogue in leisurely, good-natured informative film relating career of French naturalist, first to chronicle many facts about insect life. Fascinating close-ups of insects in action. **M, Y, C**

★ **Androcles and the Lion** (RKO). Maurice Evans, Victor Mature, Robert Newton, Jean Simmons, Alan Young. Wit, satire, pungent dialogue of Shaw's fable of Christian devotion and martyrdom, imperial Roman opportunism carry through in Gabriel Pascal production; lacks the spectacle and sentimentality which usually plague movie portrayals of the era. **M, Y**

Anna (Italian). Silvana Mangano, Ralf Valione. English dialogue is dubbed in story of nursing novice who reviews (as flashbacks relate) her sordid past in effort to decide whether to take final vows. Flashbacks resemble radio soap opera, strain for melodrama. **M**

★ **The Brave Don't Cry** (British). Meg Buchanan, John Gregson, John Rae. Suspenseful, realistic account of the tragic hours following Scottish coal mine cave-in pays tribute to work of rescue teams, presents a warm, inspiring picture of men and women faced with crisis. **M, Y**

Hiawatha (Allied Artists). Yvette Dugay, Vincent Edwards. Heroic Indian youth of Longfellow poem wooes the daughter of rival chief, paves way for peace among both peoples. Artificially performed, but rewarding as picture of Indian customs, appeal for brotherhood. **M, Y, C**

The Jazz Singer (Warner). Peggy Lee, Danny Thomas. Story of Jewish youth torn between devotion to his cantor father's hopes and lure of the stage is remake of film made famous by Al Jolson, brought up to date. **M, Y, C**

The Magic Box (British; Rank). Robert Donat, Margaret Johnston. Star-studded film made for 1952's "Festival of Britain" tells story of William Friese-Greene, turn-of-the-century inventor who some claim rivalled Edison in early cinema experiments. Handsomely produced and enhanced by brief appearances by many of Britain's foremost actors. **M, Y, C**

★ **Moulin Rouge** (United Artists). Jose Ferrer, Colette Marchand. The tragic life story of Toulouse-Lautrec, dwarf French painter of late 1800s. Film's most impressive quality is its amazing color and movement which have been synthesized with action and mood to create a sensuous, poignant whole. **M**

The Stars Are Singing (Paramount). Anna Maria Albrigt, Rosemary Clooney, Lauritz Melchior. Technicolor film based on rather adolescent, artificial plot about a young girl stowaway whom group of ambitious, not too ethical television aspirants rescue and promote to further their own plans. **M, Y**

PEEPS

at Things to Come

BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Neoprene Impeller Pumps.** A neoprene impeller pump is said to give more capacity for its weight than any other. It is self-priming, has long life, and has but one moving part. With no gears, it is considered trouble free and economical. It comes in a great variety of sizes.

■ **Aluminum Bond.** A new thermosetting resin compound is especially designed to handle many hard-to-bond metals and will join such rigid materials as aluminum, wood, plastics, glass, and hard rubber to themselves or to each other. It requires only contact pressure for tight joining and cures within one to 36 hours, depending upon temperature applied. The compound allows close control over bonding, and the manufacturer reports shear tests in excess of 3,000 pounds per square inch at room temperature and 2,500 pounds per square inch at elevated temperatures. The adhesive will not shrink, swell, or creep and contains no volatile solvents.

■ **Check Protector.** A new type of check is being printed which causes ink eradicator or any type of forger's acid to make visible the word "void" printed in minute size in the paper. It makes plain immediately whether the check has been tampered with.

■ **Snapshot Dater.** A new little device attaches easily inside the ordinary roll-film camera and in the upper left-hand corner prints the date when the negative was exposed. The date line shows up easily for special enlargements.

■ **Cold Galvanizer.** Cold galvanizing compound is not a paint, but a coating that creates an electrochemical union between its zinc and the base metal surface to which it is applied. This coating actually bonds with the base metal. Thus at considerably lower cost it is said to equal and often outperform such surface-protection techniques as electroplating, hot dipping, spraying, and painting. The compound is applied with an ordinary paintbrush or electric spray gun, or by cold dip process. It also induces rusted areas to create their own nonflaking coating, thus stopping further rust and preventing "rust creep."

■ **Wire Tacker.** A gun-type stapling tacker is now being used in installing parallel telephone wires and things of that kind. It has a grooved-out nose which enables the tacker to fit snugly over the wire and hold it firmly against the wood. When the handle of the machine is squeezed, the staple is driven into the wood, straddling the wire without damaging it. One hand-operated

machine drives more than 80 staples without reloading and thus provides a faster and more convenient method of installing inside wires.

■ **Polyethylene Pumps.** A new polyethylene pump which will handle highly corrosive liquids safely is made with flex-liners of natural rubber, gum, neoprene, buna, and hycar. It has no stuffing box and is especially designed to handle hydrochloric, hydrofluoric, and sulphuric acids and the like. As the liquid does not come in contact with any metal part, the pump is unaffected by even the most corrosive liquids.

■ **Process Timing.** Any job whose specifications call for curing, heating, plating, or any process that requires a certain length of time to complete can be automatically recorded by a new little time clock. The two-pound recorder bolts right to the machine itself and the process is recorded on a chart. It has no pencil and no wires, and the record is made in wax.

■ **Perfumed Plastic.** Plastic is now in production which can be used in curtains and similar items to give the fragrance of a flower garden. It is available in a variety of colors. The perfume is not sprayed on, but is an integral part of the fabric.

■ **Carbide-Tipped Drill.** Now available is a drill made from a very tough alloy steel with a carbide tip that permits continuous drilling of masonry materials. Accurately machined oval spiral flutes take the dust up and out of the hole as fast as it forms.

■ **Molded Nylon Clamp.** Now available is a preformed nylon hanger for sup-



An X-ray gauge provides an automatic control of copper-alloy strip thickness. The visual indication of strip thickness is shown on a meter between roll operators which is graduated to provide a reading of as little as .000050 of an inch.

porting cables and bundles of cables from 3/16 of an inch to two inches in diameter. It is not subject to attack by oil, gasoline, alcohol, or hydraulic fluids, including the new nonflammable types. It remains serviceable in temperatures between minus 60 and plus 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

■ **Drum-Head Cutter.** A new device cuts out tops or heads of one-time shipper drums of 24- to 30-gauge steel, as well as cans used for carbide, caustic soda, and other substances, and eliminates the hazard of raising poisonous or irritating dust by agitating the contents of the drum. It leaves the rim with a safe turned-in flange, permitting its use for many purposes.

■ **Door Check.** A new type of door check shuts large or small doors gently and smoothly with the efficiency of the human hand. It is not an air check. Carrying a guaranty of three-year trouble-free service, it costs less than half that of other hydraulic controls. The closing speed is variable.

■ **Speed Sander.** A new type motor-driven unit, with 3/16-inch orbital motion, sands, cleans, smooths, polishes, and does 100 other tedious jobs fast and easily. It will sand to the bare wood or metal, and smooth and polish to a piano finish. Directly connected to a 3,450-r.p.m. 110-volt A.C. air-cooled motor, it has no gears or gear housing to collect grit and dust. Sealed ball bearing throughout, it weighs only five pounds. It has a natural-grip, all-position handle with a sliding thumb switch.

■ **Thermostat Adjuster.** With an automatic thermostat adjuster it is said that it is unnecessary to touch the thermostat for regulation purposes. By plugging in this little device, the rooms will cool during night hours, if desired, and warm in the morning. The device consists of a tiny heater that is placed just under the thermostat. When the heater automatically switches on at night, the temperature indicator on the thermostat rises (6 to 10 degrees), shutting off the furnace, and the room temperature goes down. At a specified time in the morning the thermostat control clicks off, and the furnace starts to operate.

■ **Instrument Cleaner.** Now at hand is a powerful wetting agent and water softener especially intended for cleaning dental and surgical instruments. Also a rust inhibitor, it will clean and keep free from rust at the same time. It rinses quickly and leaves glass clean, film free, and streakless. Soaking an instrument in a hot solution for 30 to 40 minutes will keep it clean without tedious scrubbing. The chemical removes dirt and blood from glass and porcelain, works equally well in hard or soft water, is economical to use.

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

Man of a Thousand Songs

*And one of his tunes you know and love
is that dear old I Want a Girl....*

By RUTH DABES



Songman Will Dillon

IF YOU should ever go roller skating at a certain rink near Ithaca, New York, you might note an elderly skater who seems to be enjoying himself greatly. Though his hair is white, his blue eyes twinkle as he circles the floor with long easy strides.

Maybe you don't know Bill Dillon, which is his name. The chances are ten to one, however, that you know his songs—for *Rotarian* Will Dillon is the man who wrote that great *Rotary* favorite *I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad*, and many other dear old tunes.

About the time that a young and unknown lawyer named Harris was starting a little club called Rotary in Chicago in 1905, a young and very widely known vaudeville performer named Dillon was "wowing" audiences across America. The successes and tragedies that filled his life up to and since that time make a story that clearly denotes this genial Ithacan as a most unusual *Rotarian*.

Bill was born in Cortland, New York, in 1877, but his story really begins on a certain Spring day in the gay '90s. That was the day a medicine show came to town. In an era before movies, radio, and television, the medicine show was one of the great events of the year, equalled only by the circus. But the medicine show was better than the circus in a way—theoretically, it cost nothing to attend.

Young Bill spent a lot of time there enjoying the music, the comedy, and the thrilling acts. He'd come from a musical family, and had in fact had 14 piano lessons. It just happened that the show needed someone to play the organ, and, hearing of Bill's talents, the head "medicine man" asked him to join the show. Asked to choose between Cortland Normal School and show business, Bill decided for the latter.

In its way a medicine show is quite

educational, and Bill soon learned singing, dancing, acrobatics on the cross bars, hypnotism, ventriloquism, and various musical instruments. These acts he alternated with a silver-tongued orator's spiel about the wonders of Dr. Hicks' Snake Oil Cure, the genuine Katonka remedy, good for ringworm, spasms, rheumatism, hay fever, tapeworm, and whooping cough.

A year later Bill's family joyfully welcomed back their wandering son—and, though his parents understood his love for show business, they made plans for him to enter an Ithaca preparatory school, to ready him for entrance into Cornell University.

Bill knew that his folks were already keeping two sons in college. Even without college expenses, finances were bound to be cramped in a family of ten children.

When the morning for his departure



Bill Dillon as he was in 1900: a vaudeville performer who specialized in college-boy rôles.

arrived, Bill met outside his house the man who was to take his trunk to the station. With a plea not to tell his folks, Bill directed the man to take his trunk to another Cortland railroad station—not the one which dispatched trains to Ithaca. Bill bade his family good-by and, unknown to them, headed for Boston and show business.

It was several months before he had the courage to write his parents. By then he was playing with a Boston stock company, doing juvenile rôles. The second year he began playing leading man, or, if the occasion demanded, the villain. His rôles varied from those of *Hamlet* to the ones of *East Lynne*. The stock company toured from Portland, Maine, to the West. Frequently he wrote and staged his own plays.

Between the acts he sometimes did his own vaudeville numbers. He started writing his own songs when he figured that this might bring a salary increase. Big-time vaudeville caught up with him while he was playing in Portland, Maine. The Keith vaudeville circuit hired him, and Bill began playing in the really big cities, and eventually on Broadway.

By now, Bill's songs, used in his acts, were quite well known and he began writing more to have published. His act and his songs became sensations.

In those days it wasn't quite as difficult as it is now to get a song published.

"What's this song like?" the prospective publisher would ask.

"I think it's good," replied Bill.

"All right, we'll publish it."

It was as simple as that for Bill in those days, and many of his published songs became nation-wide hits. Most of his songs were "girlie" songs, and included *My Little Girl*, *That Girl of Mine*, *I'll Wed the Girl I Left Behind*, *I'd Rather Have a Girlie Than an Automobile*, and many others.

During his vaudeville career, he went to England and played the London theaters. One of the performers on the bill with him also [Continued on page 59]

Rotary REPORTER

Brief Items on Club Activities around the World

Don't Miss the 'Make-Up Car!'

Attendance being a condition of membership in Rotary, Clubs have devised many ways to keep the attendance marks of their members high. Some send out pre-meeting reminders, others issue small cards showing where "make-ups" can be made. The Rotary Club of STATE COLLEGE, PA., does it this way: One night each week a "make-up" car stands at a central point in STATE COLLEGE waiting for members who missed the Club's regular meeting. At an announced time it leaves for a near-by town where its passengers



This exchange of pleasant smiles at a meeting of the Rotary Club of High Point, N. C., is between Yoko Ishikawa, granddaughter of a Yokohama, Japan, Rotarian, and Marilyn Robinette, her roommate at the University of North Carolina. Miss Ishikawa spoke to the Rotarians about her homeland.

"make up." It doesn't always travel to the same neighboring community, and thus State College "missers" get to know members of several other Clubs.

Fertile Ideas in Rural-Urban Work

Drawing city dwellers and farm people closer together for the benefit of both is a part of Rotary's Community Service program. Here are two examples typical of Rotary efforts in this field. Farmers and city businessmen annually enjoy each other's fellowship at a "Farmers' Dinner" given by the BOONE, IOWA, Rotary Club. The recent get-together was attended by 115 Rotarians and their guests, and especially honored were the five winners of a corn-yield contest, Iowa being the "tall corn State," much of the evening was devoted to corn growing.

To encourage farm youth to give additional time and thought to the raising of high-grade cattle in its area, the Rotary Club of MATHISTON-MABEN, MISS., recently gave a purebred Pole Short Horn heifer

calf to a teen-age farm boy chosen for his outstanding work with farm animals. It was the first of a series of gifts to farm youths planned by the Club.

Fair Lawn Talent Gets Big Chance

Singers, dancers, instrument players, impersonators—they all like an audience, especially an appreciative one. Thus, when the Rotary Club of FAIR LAWN, N. J., sponsored a talent show recently, it made many amateur entertainers happy by providing them with a large—and quick to applaud—audience. The winners were invited to a Club meeting to receive awards of U. S. Government Bonds. The purpose of the show was to raise funds for the Club's service activities, and it did. Netted was \$1,000.

Here's Help for the Sick and Well

Many Clubs work to help the sick get well, while others work to keep the well healthy. In either case it's Community Service in action. For example, the municipality of SEA ISLE CITY, N. J., now has a new ambulance to serve the residents of its area. The vehicle was donated to the community by the Rotary Club, which raised funds



Far from home, but feeling right "at home" in Sunnyside, Wash., are exchange teachers Ingeborg Pohl, of Austria; Iris Thornberry, of Northern Ireland; and Neil Jensen, of Denmark. The Sunnyside Rotary Club assisted in bringing the teachers there by helping them to meet their travelling expenses.

for it, within the Club itself. . . . In New York's Schuyler County Courthouse is being established a special room for the treatment of cerebral-palsy patients, and scheduled to furnish it with parallel bars, sandbags, exercise tables and ladders, and other equipment is the Rotary Club of WATKINS-MONTOUR, N. Y.

The operation of a soup kitchen for underfed children, tuberculosis patients, and the aged has been a community health project of the Rotary Club of POTCHEFSTROOM, SOUTH AFRICA, for two

years. It is maintained during the Winter months, and each afternoon approximately 600 pints of hot soup are distributed with the assistance of local nurses. Operation costs of £200 are met by the Club. . . . In HAMILTON, AUSTRALIA, a local spastic center runs a school bus for its patients, and toward the cost of operating it the Rotary Club makes regular contributions. Within a six-month period it had contributed £100.

Meet Ricky Melvin, A 14-year-old lad who Airplane Prodigy

knows all about airplanes is Richard Melvin, of BEDFORD, KY. Well, not all about them, but a lot. He recently spoke before the BEDFORD Rotary Club on his favorite subject, and did it so expertly that members, according to a report, were "all amazed at his technical knowledge." This budding Rickenbacker has a collection of some 60 models, and frequently corresponds with aeronautical authorities. Naturally he is interested in becoming an aeronautical engineer, but for his widowed mother a college education for him presents its problems. Things don't look too bleak for Ricky, however, because the BEDFORD Club is interested in his future, too.

'Welcome—but Drive Carefully'

That's the greeting motorists get as they enter SANTA MONICA, CALIF., via major street and highway thoroughfares. Friendly—and sensible—the words have been posted on metal signs erected under the sponsorship of the SANTA MONICA Rotary Club. The signs have brought much favorable comment from visiting motorists.

How Oakland Got Under construction a Science Center

—or perhaps completed by the time readers see this—is a natural-science center in Lakeside Park in OAKLAND, CALIF. It is there largely through the efforts of the OAKLAND Rotary Club, although the Club did not originate the



Nearing completion in Lapeer, Mich., is a 52-bed hospital, and one room will bear the name of Rotary because of the local Club's \$2,000 donation held here by George Donaldson, hospital official, after presentation by Earl Bennington (right), Club President. In center, Rotarian E. Foote, hospital administrator.



Photo: Harder

A future teacher gets a hand here—and a \$100 check—from the Rotary Club of Orland, Calif., which annually presents a scholarship to a local high-school graduate planning a teaching career. Noble N. Richardson (left), Club President, presents the check to the fourth winner, Ruilt E. Williams.

idea. There had long been a community-wide desire for such a center estimated to cost approximately \$30,000. Toward this amount had been raised \$16,000 by the city itself and by friends who wanted to erect a memorial to a late naturalist. For a while the matter rested. Then the OAKLAND Rotary Club agreed to contribute the amount needed. At a Club meeting \$7,000 was pledged by members and the additional \$7,000 was taken from the Community Service fund.

News Notes on Joint Meetings

Recently reported was a trio of joint meetings, each different from the other in one respect: the kind of boundary spanned. One spanned city boundaries, another State borders, while another crossed an international line. The Illinois Rotary Clubs of ROBINSON and OBLONG brought their communities closer together when they met in OBLONG for a "turkey dinner. Though held in OBLONG, the meeting was hosted by the ROBINSON Club. . . . The Clubs that spanned the border between two States were those of PRINCETON, IND., and MOUNT CARMEL, ILL. Some 170 Rotarians and their guests gathered in PRINCETON for a dinner and entertainment arranged by the PRINCETON Club.

The international line crossed was the U.S.A.-Mexican border. The meeting brought together members of the Rotary Clubs of VENICE, CALIF., and SAN LUIS, MEXICO. The trip was made by 13 VENICE Rotarians and several guests by motorcar and plane. Much of the meeting was spent in friendly conversation, with both English and Spanish being spoken.

Cross Borders in Spirit, Too

Though Rotary fellowship is extended across borders by travel to such joint meetings as those reported above, many Clubs forge ties of friendship beyond their own communities—without travelling at all. For example, the Rotary Club of TACOMA, WASH., has begun a program of saluting a Club overseas each week. The first saluted was BONN, GERMANY, and TACOMA Rotarians learned much about the German Club and its community. . . . In BARRIE, ONT., CANADA, the Rotary Club also has under way a similar over-

seas-contact project. It chose the Rotary Club of EPPING, ENGLAND, as its first contact, and plans were in progress for BARRIE Rotarians to write to those in EPPING with classifications the same as theirs.

Between the Rotary Clubs of NEWARK, N. J., and NEWARK, ENGLAND, there exists a friendly bond that goes back to World War II. Through the years the Clubs have maintained their close relations, and recently these were furthered

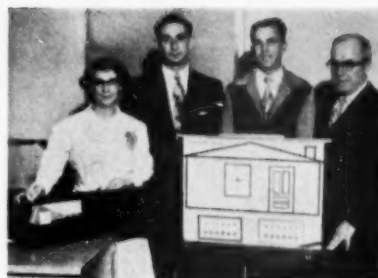


Standing before an American flag presented by the Rotary Club of Spokane, Wash., to the Oxford, England, Club, Lieut. Col. R. McMurdie, a Spokane Rotarian stationed overseas, accepts a framed etching that the British Club is sending in return to Spokane accompanied by a letter of appreciation.

still more when a member of the British Club paid a visit to his Rotarian friends in New Jersey. To them he presented a miniature of his Club's flag and two handsomely bound books on the history of the British town. The title page bears an inscription to the New Jersey Club, while another page has the signatures of all the British members.

The Rotary Club of DAYTONA BEACH, FLA., was also a recent recipient of a token of friendship from across the Atlantic Ocean. It came from the MONS, BELGIUM, Rotary Club, and was presented by a member visiting in the U.S.A. It's a relationship that began when a DAYTONA BEACH, Rotarian, while on a European tour, brought greetings to MONS from the Florida Club.

From lands around the world come agricultural scientists to TIFTON, GA., to visit the State's Coastal Plain Experiment Station, and their presence there is made the most of by TIFTON Rotarians to promote good international relations. The visitors come to learn about such things as corn growing, grass breeding, and tobacco production, and this they do with the help of the experimental station's experts. They also learn that TIFTON is a friendly community, partly be-



Not plans for a house, but a vision-testing chart is held by Saugus, Mass., Rotarians, along with other eye equipment presented by their Club to local schools. Shown with a school nurse are (left to right) Rotarians Wm. Wolfson, Wesley Gage, and A. H. Woodward, the 1951-52 Club President (see item).

cause the Rotary Club helps to make them feel at home there. Recent visitors who were guests of the Club included agricultural men from The Philippines, India, Japan, East Pakistan, Iran, and Egypt.

Another Club that never misses an opportunity to make visitors from overseas feel at home is ALAMO HEIGHTS, TEX. Not long ago it held an "International Night" honoring 42 visitors from 16 countries. Many had come to nearby military posts for training in U. S. Army medical methods, while others were in adjacent SAN ANTONIO for a meeting of city officials. Among the nations represented were Portugal, Formosa, Korea, Sweden, Germany, and Pakistan.

Saugus Turns Its Eyes on Health

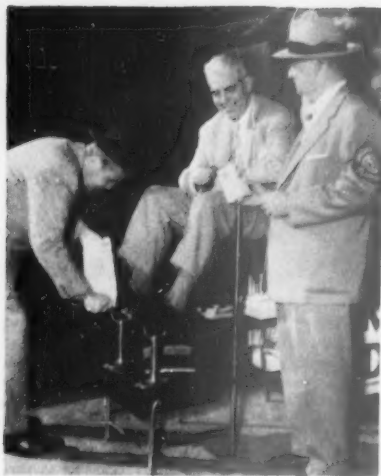
Better health is dependent upon many factors, one of which is adequate medical equipment such as the Rotary Club of SAUGUS, MASS., recently donated to its local schools. In addition to providing eye-testing equipment (see photo) and an audiometer for testing hearing, the Club also has equipped a health room at a local school with a bed, lamp, chairs, and a scale. Part of the funds for the equipment came from the Club's sponsorship of an ice-skating show attended by more than 800 people.

Edison Shrine Hosts Rotarians

To commemorate the 106th anniversary of Thomas A. Edison's birth in MILAN, OHIO, Rotarians of that community visited the hillside home where the great inventor was born. It was the second visit they had made to the memorial home, inasmuch as they held a Club meeting there in 1947 as a part of the activities conducted on the day it was opened to the public.

It's Full Speed Ahead in Visnagar

Making the most of its opportunities to better the health of its community is the Rotary Club of VISNAGAR, INDIA. Part of its program is aimed at adult education in scientific subjects related to daily living. A series of lectures has been planned on physics, biology, chemistry, and economics, with professors of a local college delivering



It's "Shine 'em up!" in Jacksonville, Fla., as Spencer Ladd, President of the local Rotary Club, turns shoe-shine boy for the "Mile of Dimes" campaign. Each shine put \$1 into the collection, as a customer is doing here. Holding the collection box is Rotarian F. Snell.

the talks on successive Sundays before the inhabitants of surrounding villages. To help the villagers still more, the Club has recruited college students to go among them as instructors in sanitation, road building, and other community problems. In the field of medical care, an eye clinic was scheduled to operate under Club sponsorship in cooperation with city officials. To promote wider Rotary fellowship in its region, the VISNAGAR Club held an intercity meeting with the near-by Club of PALANPUR, INDIA. The joint gathering, held in PALANPUR, featured three separate meetings at which discussions of Rotary matters took place.

Ryde Wings Over to See Deniliquin

Between the Australian communities of RYDE and DENILQUIN lie some 450 miles, a sizable distance to cover for a week-end trip. But some Rotarians and their ladies spanned it not long ago in a few hours by chartering an air liner for an intercity visit. The idea for the flight developed in the RYDE Club, which numbers among its members a commercial air-line pilot. A plane was chartered and when it took to the air for DENILQUIN, its passengers included Rotarians and their ladies from five Clubs: RYDE, DRUMMOYNE, BURWOOD, PARRAMATTA, and CHATSWOOD (see photo). The visitors were met at the DENILQUIN airport by their Rotarian hosts, who took them to their homes to begin a week-end filled with an interesting round of events and fellowship. Included on the program were trips to irrigated farms and tours of local wool and lamb industries. The occasion was further high-lighted by the celebration of the DENILQUIN Club's second anniversary, and also by a special meeting planned to focus attention on the United Nations. When it came time for the return flight home, a spokesman reported

that the only question asked was, "How soon can we do it again?" In speaking of the fellowship enjoyed, he added enthusiastically, "Boy, those friendships last!"

Where's 'phone? Why, Right There!

If you are ever in GREENE, N. Y., and want to make a 'phone call, just walk to the First National Bank there, but you needn't go in. There's a public booth next to the bank, and it's there because of the efforts of the local Rotary Club. Conceived as a needed convenience for the community, the Club placed the idea before the telephone company and the village board, with the result that an "all-weather" booth was installed outdoors.

Pahokee Builds a Community Fund

Since 1950 an all-purpose welfare fund for its community has been raised annually by the Rotary Club of PAHOKEE, FLA. Money for it comes from \$50 donations made yearly by each of the Club's 44 members. One of the fund's major accomplishments to date has been the installation of walk-in refrigerators in schools in PAHOKEE and

CANAL POINT. In addition to installing the cooling units, the Club's Welfare Committee keeps them filled with fresh vegetables donated by local vegetable brokers and farmers. Other welfare activities financed by the fund include health care for needy persons, aid to accident victims and their families, the purchase of a portable incubator for a county nurse, and distribution of food and clothing to indigent families.

Students Add a Global Note Here

To many a community remote from national borders come students from faraway lands to study. Their presence in these cities is not overlooked by local Rotary Clubs in planning International Service programs. At the University of TULSA, OKLAHOMA, for example, are many students from overseas, some of whom are enrolled in the University's school of petroleum engineering. Not long ago the TULSA Rotary Club cooperated with an Oklahoma petroleum company in arranging for some 60 of the students from 24 nations to visit the concern's offices in BARTLESVILLE and a lodge and museum built by the company. . . . From the University of Iowa, with an enrollment of students from scores of countries, the OSAGE, IOWA, Rotary Club entertained students as luncheon guests, and for hosting them it received a certificate of appreciation from the Rotary Club of CHARLES CITY, IOWA, which sponsored the OSAGE Club.

A lively meeting with a round-the-world flavor was held recently by the Rotary Club of MEMPHIS, TENN., when it had as its guests 20 students from 15 nations. Enrolled at Southwestern College, five of the students from Colombia, France, Germany, China, and Yugoslavia took part in the program by talking about their homelands and answering questions.

A festive holiday was made memorable for 25 overseas students at Cornell University when they travelled to near-by SIDNEY, N. Y., to be guests of the Rotary Club for five days. Most of the students had been in the U. S. only a



A pause in their farm chores comes as these Rotarians of Whitby, Ont., Canada, wave at a photographer to "shoot" them. Members of the Club's Rural Relations Committee, they and their fellow members planted 48 acres of corn and harvested it at a profit of more than \$2,000 for the Club's crippled-children projects and other activities.



It's take-off time for these Rotarians of Ryde, Australia, and their ladies as they are about to board their chartered plane for a week-end visit with Rotarians of Deniliquin, Australia, some 450 miles away. For details about this week-end trip, see item.

few months when invited to SIDNEY, and their stay in local homes helped them to become acquainted with the people of a country new to them. The visit included dinners, a high-school rally, industrial tours, and a party at which square dancing and games were introduced to the students. At the Rotary Club meeting they attended, the students wore identifying badges.

Annually the Rotary Club of CHARITON, Iowa, holds an "International Night" at which overseas students from Iowa State College at AMES are entertained. At its recent "Night" were ten students from outside the U.S.A. who gave talks about their homelands and answered questions from the audience.

Though not hosted by a Rotary Club, 35 overseas students attending nine colleges in Georgia recently gathered together with this bond in common: all are studying on scholarships provided by Georgia Rotary Clubs. Representing 15 different countries, they met at Georgia State College for Women in MILLEDGEVILLE, and were greeted by several Georgia Rotarians, including George Peter Donaldson, of TIFTON, GA., Governor of District 241.

Rotary World Gains 39 Clubs

Rotary has entered 39 more communities in many parts of the world since last month's listing of new Clubs. They are (with their sponsors in parentheses): Onomichi (Hiroshima), Japan; Nordkapp (Tromsø), Norway; Odda (Haugesund), Norway; Aosta (Torino), Italy; Saga (Fukuoka), Japan; Hoogeveen (Jeppel), The Netherlands; Tanabe (Wakayama), Japan; El Tigre (Puerto La Cruz), Argentina; Beenleigh (Southport), Australia; Miyazaka (Kobe and Oita), Japan; São Cristovão (Rio de Janeiro), Brazil; Nacimiento (Mulchen), Chile; Gelsenkirchen (Essen), Germany; Nathanya (Tel Aviv-Jaffa), Israel; Acre (Haifa), Israel; Pireus (Athens), Greece; 's-Hertogenbosch (Nimwegen), The Netherlands; Vennessla (Kristiansand), Norway; Lade (Trondheim), Norway; Leoben (Graz), Austria; Fort Erie (Buffalo, N. Y.), Canada.

West Fresno (Fresno), Calif.; East Prairie (Sikeston), Mo.; Carpinteria (Santa Barbara), Calif.; Park Forest (Chicago Heights), Ill.; Newtown (Morrisville and Washington Crossing), Pa.; West Covina (Covina), Calif.; Cos Cob (Greenwich), Conn.; Jamestown (High Point), N. C.; Gonzales (Soledad), Calif.; New City (Spring Valley and Pearl River), N. Y.; Rockdale (Cameron), Tex.; Sylvania (Toledo), Ohio; Jeffersontown (Middletown), Ky.; South Richmond (Richmond), Va.; North East Lincoln (Lincoln), Nebr.; Quincy (Ephrata), Wash.; Morgantown (Birdsboro), Pa.; Westhampton (Southampton), N. Y.

25th Year for 27 More Clubs

May is silver-anniversary month for 27 more Rotary Clubs. Congratulations to them! They are: Arica, Chile; Lota, Chile; Menominee Falls, Wis.; Mascoutah, Ill.; Central

Take a Page from Dundas



To aid crippled children, build playgrounds, award scholarships and loans to students, help the needy—these activities and others require funds that Rotary Clubs raise in varied ways. Here is the story of how a Canadian Club recently added to its Community Service fund. See an idea here?—Eds.

"How many, Mister?" "Check your oil, sir?"

All day long, Rotarians of Dundas, Ont., Canada, asked motorists and truck drivers those questions as they manned a local gasoline station on the Club's "Gas Day." They were there in their white jackets and coveralls to put across successfully a fund-raising project that had come about in this way:

To finance a major part of its Community Service program, the Rotary Club of Dundas needed to raise a substantial amount of money, and the member who came up with a fresh idea was Walter Newton, a gas-station operator. In effect, he said, "Fellows, you operate my gas station for one day, and I'll turn over to the fund all the profits that come in." So . . . a "Gas Day" was declared and Dundas Rotarians turned "pump men."

As hundreds of cars and trucks rolled into the station, Rotarians not only pumped gas and poured oil, but also took on wash jobs that came in. To add an extra source of profit, they also conducted a "bake sale" with cakes and other pastries from the ovens of their wives. Fruit and vegetables were also sold in the station's driveways.

After the last gallon of gas had been pumped, these figures were tallied on the day's operation: 76

cars had been washed, and 3,000 gallons of gasoline had been sold. All told, the "Day" produced a profit of \$1,500—all for the Club's community-betterment work, which includes meeting the operation and maintenance costs of two cars used by the local Victorian Order of Nurses and supporting the high



Motorcars and trucks make "Gas Day" in Dundas busy for Rotarians and profitable for a Rotary fund.

school's vocational-guidance activities.

As they pumped gas that day, Dundas Rotarians knew they were not only putting "go" in automobiles, but also in some plans to make their town a better place for everyone.

City, Ky.; Westminster, S. C.; Ironton, Mo.; Cotton Plant, Ark.; Concordia, Argentina; Ovalle, Chile; New Westminster, B. C., Canada; Lebu, Chile; Kelowna, B. C., Canada; Ionia, Mich.; Thompsonville, Conn.; Eagle River, Wis.; Pecos, Tex.; Los Andes, Chile; Talcahuano, Chile; Crowell, Tex.; Harts-horne, Okla.; Ringling, Okla.; Dormont-Mount Lebanon, Pa.; Cleveland, Okla.; Smithfield, Va.; Canonsburg-Houston, Pa.; Hawkesbury, Ont., Canada.

When the Rotary Club of POLO, ILL., recently celebrated its tenth anniversary, it marked the occasion by producing a handsomely bound 30-page yearbook. In addition to a brief history of the Club and other reports, the yearbook listed current Club activities, among

which were sponsorship of a Boy Scout troop, a dance for high-school and college students, a farmers' night, and a gathering of teachers from grade schools and high schools.

The silver-anniversary party of the Rotary Club of BELMONT, MASS., featured a beautiful three-tier cake cut by the Club's charter President. Honored at the gathering were two still active charter members.

On its second anniversary, the Rotary Club of WILL ROGERS (TULSA), OKLA., held a meeting labelled "Fun, Forum, and Fellowship." It was reported that singing was fun, discussions about Rotary were a part of the forum, and fellowship, of course, came from just being together.

Personalia

'BRIEFS' ABOUT ROTARIANS,
THEIR HONORS AND RECORDS.

PARIS BOUND. Poetic lines come easily to DAVID E. GUYTON, of Ripley, Miss., a Past District Governor of Rotary International. Readers of these columns will recall some of them. Thinking of the Rotary reunion soon to bring thousands of Rotarians together in Paris, France, ROTARIAN GUYTON addresses his thoughts to them, comes up with a poem he titles *On to Paris*, of which the following are excerpted verses:

*Let us up and on to Paris,
There to honor Paul P. Harris,
Proudly let us bear his banner
In RI's majestic manner.*

*Leaving selfishness behind us,
May our matchless motto bind us
One and all in hearts as brothers,
Less concerned with self than others.*

*May the spirit of Paul Harris
Thus possess the soul of Paris,
May its glamour and its glory
Spread afar his fame and story.*

*On to Paris, on to glory,
Share the splendor and the story.
Thousands there again will greet you,
Everybody wild to meet you.*

Appreciation. Several years ago to the Boy Scout Council of Lebanon County, Pa., was presented a 250-acre farm which was to be earmarked for a permanent Scout camp site. This gift—from JOHN S. BASHORE, a member of the Rotary Club of Lebanon—was recalled a few weeks back on the occasion of a testimonial dinner attended by more than 200 citizens. It was the donor's 80th birthday, and to show their appreciation for what had been done for them, the Boy Scouts presented ROTARIAN BASHORE with a trophy. But it was only one of many gifts he received, for he has taken leadership in a score or more of community and business activities. A clothier, ROTARIAN BASHORE has been in business for 50 years.

Add: Congressmen. To the list of Rotarians in the Congress of the United States mentioned in THE ROTARIAN for March and April, add GORDON CANFIELD, an honorary member of the Rotary Club

of Paterson, N. J. He serves a district of New Jersey in the House of Representatives.

Add: Governors. To the list of Governors of States and Territories of the U.S.A. who are members of Rotary Clubs, add the name of FRANK HEINTZLEMAN, newly appointed Governor of the Territory of Alaska. A member of the Rotary Club of Juneau, he succeeds ERNEST GRUENING, also a Juneau Rotarian. Another Juneau Rotarian to be honored by appointment to public office is WAINO HENDRICKSON. He is the new Secretary of State for the Territory.

Perker-Upper. Those who plan things in the Rotary Club of Madison, N. J., are practical men. For example, they believe, and wisely they've learned, that to head the Attendance Committee of their Club none can do a better job than one whose long-time attendance record marks him as one who knows the values of regular attendance. So they have selected for the last several years ARTHUR S. BENBROOK, who recently rounded out his 30th year of perfect Rotary attendance. "It is hard, mighty hard," says a Club spokesman, "to tell Art why one didn't make up a meeting."

Not-Forgotten Man. In these days when too often the forgotten man in many



Re: Joyce. There are three of them in the Palestine, Tex., Rotary Club. They are C. D. Joyce (center), his son, C. G., Sr. (left); and his grandson, C. G., Jr.

communities is the house renter, it is heartwarming to learn of a builder who goes the "second mile" to make life for the renter and his family something more than a roof and four walls. One builder who does this is JOHN M. BATES, a member of the Rotary Club of Portland, Oreg. A public-garage proprietor,



A 50-pound tuna for Past International President Crawford C. McCullough, of Fort William, Ont., Canada. He got it while fishing off Tampico, Mexico.

he has a sideline: building rental houses whose surroundings consist of gardens, beautiful lawns, camellia hedges, a lanai-type area that serves as a playground for children and an outdoor living room, a fish-stocked lake a few feet from the front door. Aiding him in planning this "second mile" of service is MRS. BATES, who agrees that Nature proves a willing helper when someone points the way. ROTARIAN BATES provides the guiding hand on a tract of land in the Lake Oswego district some eight miles from downtown Portland.

Thanks-Filled Lines. When the speaker of the day, CLIFFORD WITTING, author of *A Rotarian's Diary* and a member of the Rotary Club of Carshalton, England, finished his address to the Rotarians of Staines, England, recently, up rose ROTARIAN RICHARD ELVEN to thank him on behalf of his fellows. But no prosaic expression of appreciation was to come from his lips, but, rather, these lines:

*I rise as 'tis my happy lot
To thank you, sir, today for what
You've given us.
It entertains us poor Rotarians of Staines
To hear from one who never shirks
From piling up his published works.
And one who speaks with such verbosity
Commands no idle curiosity!*

*It needs no more from me to say
How we've enjoyed your talk today;
And as we do not like backslapping,
We'll thank you, sir, with decorous clapping.*

Badgeman. WILLIAM H. SNYDER, an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Elmira, N. Y., has, to make one of the understatements of any year, been an extremely active man. His interests have found him deep in the work of scores of civic, church, lodge, and personal projects which have brought service, fun, and satisfaction to hundreds of people who have been touched by this merry man, now in his 84th year of enjoying life and living. Attending con-

Photo: Walden's, Fabry



Married for 50 years are Rotarian and Mrs. Emil Locher, of Peoria, Ill. He is a fruits-and-vegetables wholesaler.

Photo: Brown-Harano



And 60 years for Rotarian and Mrs. Elmer Coates, of North Platte, Nebr. He hasn't missed a meeting in 33 years.

ventions is one of his side interests, and to prove it he has a convention-badge red coat which he slips on if the question "Have you ever been to a convention?" comes up (see photo). Adorning it are some of the badges he has collected in his 50 years of convention attending. ROTARIAN SNYDER, incidentally—but far from accidentally—in 1937 organized the Ancient Order of Flat Tires, whose object was "To assemble in one grand organization men of affairs who have seen threescore years or more of



A coat of many badges (also see item).

service, whose friends and acquaintances are fast passing from this life; who need friendships and companionships in their declining years." Its motto: "Fun 'Til the End."

Lenten Leader. First to speak in a New Haven, Conn., series of telecast Lenten addresses was EDWARD L. FLAHIVE, President of the Rotary Club of New Haven. Emphasizing the idea of service, he said, "The motto of Rotary International is 'Service above Self.' Today . . . all of us should rededicate ourselves in the true spirit of service, service to the welfare of mankind and service to Almighty God."

Rotarians Honored. H. ELLIS FINGER, Jr., of Jackson, Miss., was chosen the outstanding young man of 1952 for the State of Mississippi by the State-wide Junior Chamber of Commerce. ROTARIAN FINGER is president of Millsaps College, in Jackson. . . . EDWARD C. POMEROY, of Oneonta, N. Y., has been elected secretary-treasurer of the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, a department of the National Education Association.



Finger

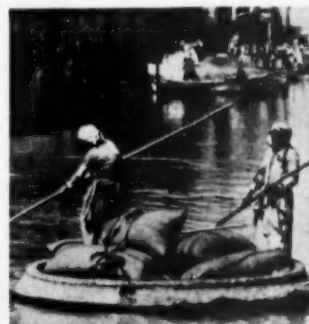
Lion's Roar. It was put there in fun—that item in his Club's publication, edited by ARTHUR IMEL, a member of the Rotary Club of Cushing, Okla. It all

Test Your Boat-ography

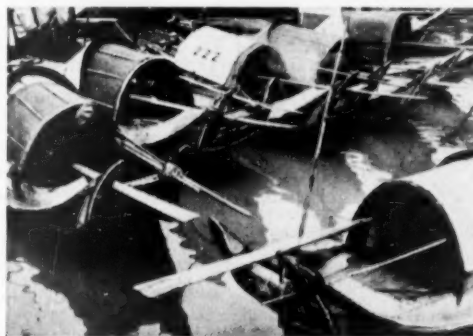
MAYBE you are world-minded about people, customs, food, and dress—but how about boats? They, too, have their own particular geographical associations. Two that go together, for example, are Venice, Italy, and the gondola. Other similar boat-and-country pairs are pictured below. Can you name these four types of small-craft? (Answers are given at the bottom of the page.)



This New Zealand Maori is rowing a (a) dhow, (b) gig, (c) outrigger.



These Iraqi boatmen are operating a (a) guffa, (b) junk, (c) caique.



In Chinese waters this type of covered craft is called (a) jelluca, (b) kayak, (c) sampan, (d) rickashell.

In the Pacific Ocean off the Chilean coast, seals are hunted in this (a) baggala, (b) gaucho, (c) velero, (d) embarcadero.



Answers: (1) outrigger, (2) ruffa, (3) sampan, (4) velero.

came about when the president of the local Lions Club, LEO DAVIS, was a guest of Cushing Rotarians. ROTARIAN IMEL mentioned the guest in the publication, "tying" him to Leo the Lion, emblem of a great moving-picture company, and made reference to the beast's "snarl." Lion Davis good-naturedly took issue with the word "snarl." Copy of the bul-

letin was sent to movie headquarters to clear up the matter of descriptive wordage. Back came the movie magnates' comment: "A thread, a hair, or a piece of steel may snarl, but a lion never. He roars."

Donor. Is there anyone in the Rotary world who can match the blood-donor

record of CLIFTON M. BEATTY, a member of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles, Calif.? Recently he gave blood for the 27th time. As editor of his Club's publication, *El Rodeo*, he has carried on an active, inspiring campaign to alert his fellows to the "You Give—They Live" idea. His actions, readers agree, back up his words.

Rotarians Always on the Job

56 WHO HAVEN'T MISSED A MEETING IN 15 YEARS OR MORE.



(1) Elmer Coates, past service, 32½ yrs., North Platte, Nebr.; (2) Glenn C. Vance, life insurance, 31½ yrs., Greensburg, Pa.; (3) Will U. McCready, furniture—retailing, 31 yrs., Annapolis, Md.; (4) Elijah Maple Hicks, physician, 30½ yrs., Florence, S. C.; (5) Hubert B. Davenport, vinegar manufacturing, 30½ yrs., Rogers, Ark.; (6) Benjamin Martin, funeral directing, 30½ yrs., Lethbridge, Alta., Canada; (7) Ben L. Mayne, fire insurance, 29½ yrs., Albion, Ill.; (8) Chas. E. Peters, roentgenology, 29 yrs., Hayward, Calif.; (9) William J. Norton, men's clothing—retail, 29 yrs.; (10) Louis D. Goldberg, women's clothing—retail, 25 yrs.—both of Granville, N. Y.

(11) Dorsey E. Hooper, dentistry, 28 yrs., Boonville, Mo.; (12) Noah L. Schaeffer, flour manufacturing, 28½ yrs., Westminster, Md.; (13) Sterling F. Hart, newspaper publishing, 28 yrs., Commerce, Tex.; (14) Robert A. Norris, past service, 27 yrs.; (15) Harry L. Perkins, books—retail, 25½ yrs.; (16) Harold A. Taylor, camera supplies, 25 yrs.; (17) Neil B. Taylor, lumber retailing, 24½ yrs.—all of Coronado, Calif.; (18) Charles A. Lytle, telegraph and cable service, 25½ yrs., Alpena, Mich.; (19) Louis S. Smitzes, groceries—retailing, 26 yrs., Tarpon Springs, Fla.; (20) Thomas Harris Cole, building construction, 25½ yrs., White Plains, N. Y.

(21) Cecil B. Collins, dentistry, 25½ yrs.; (22) Harry G. Gillespie, groceries—retailing, 25½ yrs.—both of White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.; (23) Charles G. Bird, past service, 26 yrs.; (24) Ben C. Wallace, Jr., mortician, 24 yrs.; (25) Elmer W. Forslund, law—probate and corporation, 23½ yrs.; (26) Bert E. Swenson, honorary, 23½ yrs.; (27) Edwin D. Wemyss, beverages—bottling, 22½ yrs.; (28) Edward G. Vollman, theaters, 21 yrs.; (29) Albert A. Anderson, orchard service, 21 yrs.; (30) J. Russell Gwynn, casualty insurance, 18 yrs.; (31) Carlton S. Wilcox, building materials—retailing, 17½ yrs.; (32) Ralph G. Houston, cherry growing, 16½ yrs.; (33) Charles F. Cooper, prune growing, 15½ yrs.; (34) Louis Wentzel, Jr., auto parts—retail, 15½ yrs.—all of Stockton, Calif.

(35) S. Buford Key, drugs, 25½ yrs.; (36) Wiley P. Harris, radio service, 24½ yrs.; (37) J. Payton McKay, plumbing—retailing, 21½ yrs.; (38) William Henry Thomas, telegraph and cable service, 21½ yrs.; (39) Tom A. Darden, oil products—distributing, 19½ yrs.; (40) C. D. Wilson, bread baking—wholesale, 18 yrs.—all of Jackson, Miss.; (41) Howard H. Bauer, funeral directing, 24 yrs.; (42) William L. Evans, insurance—casualty, 23 yrs.; (43) Elton W. Hurlburt, electric light and power service, 24 yrs.; (44) Charles H. Richardson, dentistry, 22 yrs.; (45) Joseph Ernat, auto—retailing, 18 yrs.; (46) Leslie C. Dittman, refined oil products—retailing, 18 yrs.; (47) Royal W. Eppler, banking—savings, 17 yrs.; (48) Valdo Herman, newspaper publishing, 16 yrs.—all of Richmond, Mich.

(49) Michael S. Kippas, agricultural extension, 22½ yrs., Christiansburg-Blacksburg, Va.; (50) Percy L. Canfield, lumber—wholesaling, 22 yrs.; (51) W. H. Peirce, Y.M.C.A., 21 yrs.—both of Woodstock, Ont., Canada; (52) C. Fayette Lawrence, hardware retailing, 22 yrs., Katonah, N. Y.; (53) Joshua R. Golightly, coal—retail, 19½ yrs., Millburn, N. J.; (54) C. Carl Cunningham, senior active, 16 yrs.; (55) Everett W. Freeman, Christianity—Protestantism, 16½ yrs.—both of Concordia, Kans.; (56) Duncan Weaver, chemist goods manufacturing, 15½ yrs., Holland, Mich.

Photos: (1) Brown-Harano; (2) Ralph; (6) Cross; (14-17) Elliott; (19) Keith



•Write Me a Letter . . .

A few words on a simple device

for reducing a common bother.

By **JOHN JAY DALY**
Journalist and Author



"Florenz Ziegfeld . . . would be stopped by a writer or a musician with an idea."

JIM FARLEY is stopped frequently by people who want favors.

"Write me a letter," Jim tells each one. They shake hands and walk away, pleased.

"That's a good idea," he says in answer to a suggestion. "Write me a letter about it and I'll take it up with the board."

As Postmaster General of the United States, James A. Farley pursued the same tactics. If he happened to be in some Washington hotel and a lobbyist—perhaps someone he didn't even know—said, "Jim, I've got an idea," he'd reply, "Write me a letter about it."

When Farley was engaged in "selling" Franklin D. Roosevelt to the Democratic party as Presidential timber, men in all parts of the nation would approach the effervescent salesman with ideas—some good, some not so good. Jim would say, "Write me a letter and I'll let you know."

As a businessman, president of the Coca-Cola Company, Farley still says, "Write me a letter."

Businessman-politician, Jim Farley has a formula that saves time, money, patience, and criticism.

Stephen Bonsal, dean of American war correspondents and student of human nature, sums it up this way: "When Jim Farley tells someone to write him a letter, he puts that person on probation—and shifts all responsibility." Time after time that is the end of it.

Millions of letters are written everywhere every day. Many would never be written were the Farley system adopted. You say to a friend who has asked a favor, "Write me a letter," and see if you ever get an answer. Chances are 50 to 1 that you won't. People just will not write letters once they are invited to do so. The mere suggestion leaves them cold. Turns them against it. So say the psychologists. No one wants to be told what to do.

R. H. Burnside, the theatrical producer who staged shows at the old Hippodrome in New York City, claims that Florenz Ziegfeld was one of the originators of the "write me a letter" school of thought. Ziegfeld, says Burnside,

would be stopped in a theater lobby, or on the street, by a writer or a musician with an idea. "Write me a letter about it," Ziegfeld would say. That would probably be the last of that.

Samuel Wingfield, an advertising man who once ran the *Post Scripts* department for *The Saturday Evening Post*, is another who says, "Write me a letter," whenever the occasion demands.

"So many cranks approach me with crazy ideas," he says, "that, to get rid of them, I simply tell them to put it on paper and send it to me. Half the time I never hear from them."

Major General Phillip A. Fleming, formerly chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, goes back, in his experience with the public, to the days when he was a colonel in the United States Army Engineers Corps. In the early days of the New Deal he was in charge of the tremendous project at Passamaquoddy—at Eastport, Maine.

At Eastport the tide rises and falls 24 feet a day, the greatest incoming and outgoing tide in the world with the exception of the tides in the Yangtze River in China. Passamaquoddy was a 70-million-dollar attempt to harness this terrific tide lash and get cheaper power. As such, "Quoddy" drew all sorts of humans. Most of them had ideas. A man with an idea, of course, must have somebody to tell it to—and Colonel Fleming was the target. Men with ideas almost ran him ragged. Then he hit upon the idea of telling them to put their ideas on paper—and send them along.

"Write me a letter, and send me your idea," this great Army engineer would say. Dreamers and schemers alike would go away happy, but most of their ideas were never put on paper. Seldom did any one of them ever write.

As General Fleming views it, sitting down to write a letter would, by the very act, take some of the steam out of the idea—if it had any steam. If not, it merely died.

Has the write-me-a-letter formula any value to the less noted, nondistinguished among us? I think so. I can see the average business or professional man using it—and using it as courteously and

effectively as others do. An "eager beaver" of a young man breezes in and "hits" him for a job. "Why, maybe so," our friend the businessman replies, "but why not tell me all about yourself and your dreams in a letter first? Then we'll talk." A good test of the young man. A service-club president gets a phone call from someone in town urging him and his club to get behind some great (and maybe worthy) work the caller is interested in. "I'll tell you," our president answers. "Why not put down what you're saying in a letter to me? Then I'll have all the facts in handy form. Yes, write me a letter."

OF course, there are those who belong to the never-write-a-letter-of-any-kind school. It was founded, I think, by Fred T. Dubois, the first Senator from Idaho, whose motto was "Never write a letter, never dictate a letter, and destroy all carbon copies." There's a famous story—a bit too long to tell here—about how the old Senator was finally entrapped into writing a letter which he knew the recipient would insert into a court record. Cannily the Senator filled the letter with a long but absolutely defensible attack on the recipient's private morals—thus guaranteeing that it would never be used anywhere or read by anyone but the addressee. Afterward a newspaperman asked the Senator why he was so set against letter writing.

"Letters cause trouble," the Senator said. "Go into any divorce court. . . ."

"But those are love letters," the newspaperman protested.

"Son," said the Senator, "if you must write letters—and I advise against it—model them on those written by St. Paul to the Corinthians."

That, as I say, is another school of thought—and with a rather small enrollment. Letters, why they're a main-spring of business, love, our institutions—you name it. But maybe you have never thought of them as a way of keeping order in your business life, of screening the many demands made upon you.

"Write me a letter about it." It has worked for Ziegfeld, Farley, and some others. Maybe it will work for you.

Thank God for Dr. Willie

By J. D. CLAITOR

Rotarian, Galveston, Tex.

JEDIDIAH BURNS lived on his red hill farm in the backwoods of a Southern county with his wife, two sons, and four daughters. His house had been built of sturdy logs, hewn by his own hands, and erected with the help of kindly neighbors. He had expected to rear a large family, as was the custom there, and had built his house accordingly. It was large and furnished with Puritan simplicity.

"Jed," as he was affectionately known to all, was a pious, patient, and kindly man. His flowing beard and bald head, his friendly eyes and Roman nose, gave him the visage of a Biblical seer or prophet, not unlike that of the "Jedidiah, beloved of Jehovah." In eulogizing him the old circuit rider, a lifelong friend, said that "Job" would have been a more fitting name for this patient, meek, and righteous man. In those simple words he voiced the feelings of all the neighbors.

He, as had all his neighbors, sprang from sturdy, self-reliant Anglo-Saxon stock. They were a God-fearing people who loved the fruitful countryside with its colorful hills, green forests and glades, sparkling cold-water springs, and laughing brooks. Monetary wealth was unknown to them; they had no desire or need for it. Through good husbandry they wrested a bounteous livelihood from the generous soil.

Before the white men came the land had been a favorite hunting ground of the friendly Choctaw Indians. It abounded in wild game, fish, fruits, nuts, and flowers. It was as nearly a Garden of Eden as one might expect to find in this world. The countryside was dotted with Indian burial mounds; many stone arrowheads were plowed up in the fields.

The family life in the Burns home was one of love, gentleness, and consideration. As a boy, I loved to visit there for a few days. The boys were about my age. We had great fun exploring the forest, climbing trees, building mole traps, and enjoying all such youthful diversions.

Before retiring at night, Mr. Burns read a chapter from the Bible in the dim light of a homemade tallow candle, then we all reverently knelt while he fervently uttered the bedtime prayer.

The boys slept in the loft of the big house, access to which was gained by means of a ladder attached to the wall, through a square opening in the ceiling. To me, at the climbing stage of my

youth, this was by far the most thrilling adventure of my visit. Once up in the loft, where the boys had accumulated the things that appeal to youthful fancy, and secluded from the family below, we resumed the interrupted diversions of the day. In time, Mr. Burns would tap on the floor with his boot-jack, the signal for us to snuff the candle and hop into bed.

Mr. Burns was eager for his children to enjoy advantages he had not known. He revered the soil; nevertheless, it was his idea that their lives might become more useful to God and to mankind in other fields. In family conferences, and long before Willie, the oldest son, had reached maturity, the decision was reached that he would be educated to be a doctor. His uncle, whom he adored, had been one until his untimely death had cut short his promising career. Once the decision was made, the thought of the entire family was centered upon its achievement. And to make this possible the girls went to the fields alongside their father and brother and worked to accumulate the money needed for Willie's expenses at school.

IN THE log schoolhouse in the neighborhood where debating sessions and spelling bees were conducted at frequent intervals, Willie's brilliance of mind soon made him leader of the younger set. When it became known that he was destined to be a doctor, their pride in him was augmented. There was none of envy; nothing was beyond Willie's reach and they were happy for him.

Thus the time came when Willie went away to medical school. During those four years things went along about as usual on the farm and throughout the countryside, except that the family worked harder than ever to provide the funds for his expenses which had exceeded their calculations.

During his third vacation at home an unusual incident occurred. A neighbor's baby girl was beset by diphtheria. It quickly reached a malignant stage and the elderly doctor who was treating the child told the parents there was no chance for recovery. In their grief the father appealed to Willie. Although there was a State law which forbade the practice of medicine without a diploma from an accredited medical school, there was no hesitancy on his part in responding to the call. Fortu-

nately he had learned some new methods at school not known to the older practitioners. He inserted a silver tube in the child's throat. In a few days she was well and playing as happily as though she had never been ill.

The reader may readily imagine the result. To the people this was nothing short of a miracle; the news flew over the countryside. In no time at all Willie, long their favorite, was now their hero. The incident was promptly reported to the State Medical Board; Willie was promptly fined one dollar and equally as promptly was the fine remitted.

The next year he graduated with the highest honors of his class. Immediately there came many flattering offers of one kind or another, many from older physicians with long-established and lucrative practice, who wanted him to join them. Fame and fortune awaited; all he needed was to make the right choice.

His choice will surprise no one. His own backwoods homefolks needed a good doctor far more than he needed or wanted either fame or fortune. So it was to his own people, who had made it possible for him to be what he was, that he turned.

That first year at home the younger brother, Charley, went away to A. and M. to begin his course in dairy husbandry. He later developed some important ice-cream formulas and processes that were largely responsible for the fine-quality and low-cost ice cream we all enjoy today. He was acclaimed a leader in that field.

When Dr. Willie (note that he had now become Dr. Willie, and not Dr. Burns, to those who knew him, not by his choice but by their own) began practice, he had only one saddle horse. Before the end of the year there were four. That year, although he changed frequently each day, he rode to death one horse, and two others were so badly spent they were replaced.

When Dr. Willie needed another horse, one would be placed in his stable by neighbors.

When a call came, regardless of the time, his own state, the distance, or the



"This idea of yours is a natural, Bower—I'm certainly glad we thought of it."

weather, he responded, taking with him a drugstore in his medicine case and in his heart. He dosed the patients from both. Often he would ride from one patient to another, being in the saddle or at bedside for long hours without rest.

The hoof beats of his horse became a familiar sound on the lonely country roads as he galloped through the night to deliver a baby, ease the pain of a sufferer, or comfort the dying. When both his medicine and his love failed, he would kneel reverently, with the family, at the bedside and pray Almighty God to effect the miracle he himself had failed to perform.

The practice of his profession brought added humility. Many times cures occurred that he could attribute only to the intervention of God.

THERE was little money in the countryside. Dr. Willie never mailed a bill; there was no need to. Whatever the patients could give they gave freely and gladly. There was never any lack of choice food for himself, feed for his horses, and such things as they had to share with him. The cash was never enough to replenish his medicines and provide the bare necessities needed by him and needed to keep the girls in school. The girls were being sent away now, one by one, each in her turn, to domestic-science school. As they returned, they married and established homes of their own.

Thus, the busy years passed. For Dr. Willie there was no surcease from his duty. As families grew and word of his great compassion spread, the demand for his services increased until there was little time for the rest and sleep his tiring body craved.

Time came when he would lie down for a few hours' rest and the sleep so badly needed would not come. His mind would be wide awake, thinking of the patients who might be needing him at that moment.

This was the beginning of the tragedy. There were drugs in his medicine case to relieve such conditions. In his practice he had never hesitated to use them when they would afford relief to a patient. At first he toyed with the idea, turning it over contemplatively in his mind, and rejecting it; then each time he thought of the matter, the more reasonable it appeared to him that he should accept the relief thus offered.

Eventually, driven by fatigue and sleeplessness he yielded. As expected, the sleep came but, tragically enough, he was not refreshed by it as he had hoped. He knew then it had been a mistake. Nevertheless in a few days he repeated his error. Soon he had lost the power to resist. As his moral and physical being advanced in degeneration, he started

using other intoxicants, stimulants, and sedatives.

To prolong the account of his disintegration would only distress the reader. Fortunately and blessedly, perhaps, for all who loved him, the climax came quickly, and before his weakness had become too obvious.

On a night that he had ridden several hours in the rain and sleet he returned in a state of delirium induced by the high fever of lobar pneumonia. In a few hours he was dead. His weakened body had been no match for the deadly virus.

Recently I visited a frail, broken little gold-star mother whose son had been awarded posthumously the Purple Heart. In the course of our conversation about another matter she said Dr. Willie had delivered into the world all eight of her wonderful children. At the mention of his name her voice choked and the tears traced down her faded cheeks. She left the room to compose herself.

Framed on the wall of the plain room was a Purple Heart, the certificate of award, and a letter signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt in which he said few mothers were privileged to bear a son who had been given the opportunity to serve their country so nobly as had hers; that he and all the freedom-loving world shared her grief; that he sincerely hoped her justifiable pride in her son would help sustain her. There was much more in the letter.

All her children except the baby, a fine lad of 16, then being readied for college, had gone out into the world to important positions. The time and weather-worn home that had witnessed so much of life, love, laughter, happiness, and tears was now filled with only loneliness and proud memories.

It was typical of the backwoods homes and they were typical of the backwoods people who were keeping Dr. Willie fresh in their memory.

Some may say the doctor was unwise to expend himself so. If that be true, it was the same kind of unwisdom, if such it may be called, of one whose noble impulses impel him to cast himself in front of a speeding motor, at the cost of his own life, that a happy child may be shoved out of its path to safety.

During the tragic Texas City disaster, which took 600 lives, I was privileged to serve in an important volunteer capacity at Red Cross headquarters. To my personal knowledge many able-bodied volunteers, in their frantic efforts to rescue screaming victims from the flaming wreckage, either lost their own lives or were permanently injured.

In principle, such self-renunciation is not unusual. It may not make sense to some, but we may thank Almighty God that we have such examples to inspire our own lives.

Odd Shots

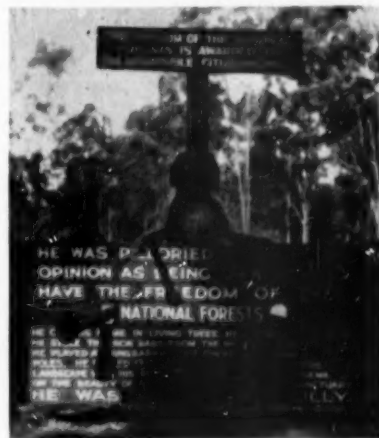
Can you match these photos for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. If used, the "odd shot" will bring you \$3. But remember—it must be different!



A thief out on a limb, but it brings results to a cat that finds bird food a nourishing dish. Mrs. F. W. Cason, of Miami, Fla., camera-noted the theft.



A suggestion that one thing leads to another is found along U. S. Highway 27 in Florida. Hawley Lynn, of Columbia, S. C., photographed the evidence.



In a forest near Newcastle, Australia, appears this "man" in stocks. Rotarian Albert E. Frede, of Taree, Australia, lensed the suggestion to visitors.

Coöperatives—Are They Taxed Fairly?

Yes!—Says Howard W. Selby

[Continued from page 26]

than his own. In such coöperatives, members pool their resources and seek the best possible selling price. If the costs of operation exceed the income from sales, then the members must share equally in the excess costs of doing business. If there are savings in the costs of doing business, these savings are the property of the members, because it costs them less to market their product than their proceeds from sales.

The important point is that these individuals who band together for mutual interest provide themselves with a market and develop a greater sense of security for themselves and their families. This kind of business is essentially marketing insurance. It represents a large number of individual businessmen working together in our free-enterprise system, helping themselves, providing wholesome competition in the marketplace, and preserving to a great degree their opportunity to remain as small businessmen.

It should be understood that the coöperative organization is but the hired hand of the member or of other marketing organizations. It is simply an agency of, by, and for its members, a broad-scale partnership of men. The original coöperative was established in 1844 by flannel weavers in Rochdale, England. Based on the Rochdale principles, modern coöperatives give each member one vote regardless of the size of his production or his financial interest in the organization. There is a limited return on capital invested, and the membership is open, in the case of dairy coöperatives, to any dairyman regardless of size. This democratic practice contrasts with that of private stock corporations where control is determined by the amount of stock held.

In practical operation, coöperative members help in the financing of their associations by leaving part of their share of the savings in "the kitty." If patronage refunds are not made annually for the full amount of the savings from the cost of doing business, usually the members will receive some form of evidence of their share held by the organization. Such reserves accumulated for capital purposes are simply loans on the part of the members and are not profits accumulated by the coöperative. They may receive interest on these loans or not, depending on the financial situation. By and large this method of capitalization is the chief source of working and fixed capital that is available from the members.

With this explanation of how coöperatives are organized and operate, let us move into the question under discussion: Are coöperatives taxed fairly?

They should be. And I believe they are.

It must be obvious from the foregoing that coöperatives are essentially groups of people organized to save themselves money—not to make profits. But as their organization makes savings and then allocates those savings to individual members, each must and does pay income tax on the fruitfulness of the collective effort to economize. Each member must file returns on his share of the allocated savings, whether these savings are in the form of cash, merchandise, capital stock, revolving-fund certificates, letters of advice, retain certificates, or similar documents.

Where stock is issued as evidence of allocated savings by the association, there is no chance for gain to the members beyond the par value of the stock certificates and such dividends as may be paid upon them are set at the legal limit by the respective States in which they are incorporated. Such certificates carry no voting power, and no control may be exercised in the direction of the organization by the holder. They also lack the security of a bond.

Unallocated reserves of coöperatives are taxable and the tax must be paid by the coöperative. Then when the remaining portion of the unallocated reserves

is paid, the members must again calculate their share as part of their income and pay the resulting tax. In the case of a private corporation this remaining reserve after taxes may be used freely by the directors of the corporation and management for whatever purpose they may see fit. The part remaining after taxes paid by a coöperative is still the property of the large number of partners in the association.

Encouragement is given under the excess-profits laws for corporations to engage in many practices which would direct funds into causes and expenditures in order that the excess-profits tax may be reduced. In the case of coöperatives, the members, as owners of the business, are interested individually in holding the expenses to the lowest point consistent with good business management. This results in greater savings, which strengthen the member's economic position on the farm and increases his individual income tax.

In its simplest interpretation, taxation is but our method of sharing in the costs of needed Government services and for our common defense. It is difficult to agree on what constitutes proper taxation for any of the four types of American business, but as far as coöperatives are concerned, taxation laws today are essentially fair. It manifestly is unjust for opponents of coöperatives, especially if motivated by selfish interests, to try to eliminate this kind of competition via the tax laws. We have need to appreciate the difficulty of the problem faced by our public servants who make our laws. If legislation is not just, we need a calm and objective approach to the entire problem rather than to resort to misleading propaganda.

Coöperatives—Are They Taxed Fairly?

No!—Replies Noah M. Mason

[Continued from page 27]

got bigger, until today, when regular corporations pay up to 70 percent of their profits in income and excess-profits taxes, the coöps and mutuals *still* pay little or nothing. There is nothing fair about that.

The income-tax-free activities of coöperatives now include not only the marketing and processing of farm products and the purchase of farm supplies, but also the distribution of farm machinery; hardware; lumber; automobile and tractor tires, batteries, and supplies; household electric appliances; cigars and cigarettes; lipstick, face creams, leg make-up, toothbrushes, vitamin pills, soft drinks, and a large number of other products.

Coöps drill oil wells, refine petroleum,

and sell gasoline at filling stations. They are in mining, banking, insurance, lumbering, publishing, paper making, and home building. They run electric systems, fertilizer plants, telephone lines, and funeral parlors. They operate hospitals, Summer camps, and radio stations. They are now developing chains of stores, and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) has stated that it looks forward to a time when 50 percent of all retail business will be done by coöperatives.

Coöps are now doing close to 20 billion dollars of business a year; their profits are practically identical with those of taxpaying corporations in similar lines; and they would no more be hurt by paying their full share of Fed-

eral income taxes than other corporations are hurt.

I have introduced in each of the recent Congresses a bill varying in details but aiming always to tax the untaxed for the benefit of the overtaxed. Before the previous session ended I asked the tax experts of the Joint Committee to make an interim study of the income-tax liability of those groups named in last year's bill.

"What is your estimate," I asked, "of possible revenue to be derived from taxing these various organizations in exactly the same way that other corporations are taxed and without any consideration of their claims that patronage dividends are not income?"

THE answer, received by me since the present session of Congress convened, is remarkably close to my own figures of all but the Government-owned businesses. It says:

Some six months ago we made an estimate of the revenue which would be raised under your bill. The estimate was about 800 million dollars, in addition to the amount resulting from the Revenue Act of 1951.

"But why," someone will ask, "haven't the coöperatives and these other mutual competitors of taxpaying businesses been taxed long before now?"

There are various reasons, none of which in my opinion will hold water.

Coöps say, as the tax experts noted in a paragraph I quoted earlier: "We are the agents of our members and whatever earnings we may make belong to those members and not to the corporation."

But the agency theory was abandoned by the coöperatives and by the law at least 25 years ago. So they cannot claim exemption under the agency theory.

They say "We are not corporations in the regular sense of the word; actually we are more like partnerships."

Let us see. Coöperatives were given legal permission to become stock companies many years ago. More than 90 percent of them operate today as corporations, with all advantages of incorporation, but with an utter unwillingness to pay the taxes that corporations have to pay. It is manifestly unfair to be a corporation on all days except tax-collection day and then to wriggle out under a blanket claim of partnership.

Finally, the coöperatives now are saying: "Under the Revenue Act of 1951, farmer coöperatives have taken their place alongside other taxable corporations as their gross returns, less such deductions as are authorized by law, are reported to the tax collector and any profit that remains is taxable at the full corporate rate."

That is not logical. As the manager of



Invitation to disaster

(forty-three times out of a hundred)

Just how dangerous is it for a businessman to cross his fingers—when he puts away his accounts receivable, tax, inventory and other records? What could possibly happen to them in *your own office*? In *your own* solid-looking safe?

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A so-called "fireproof" building would just *confine* the fire, make it hotter.

And the insurance policy you'd count on to collect fully calls for "proof of loss within 60 days"—virtually impossible without records.

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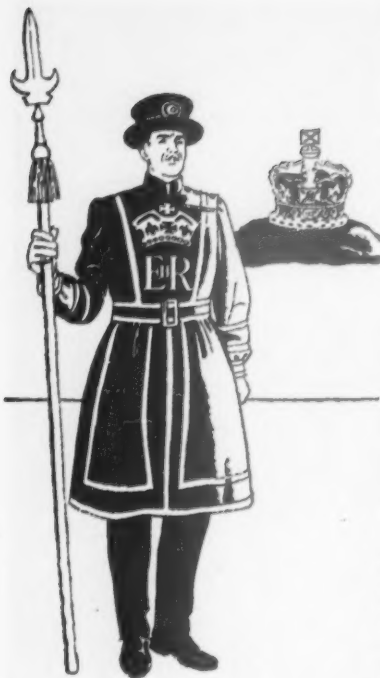
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one of the biggest grain coöperatives in the nation stated after the 1951 Revenue Act was passed: "It will make absolutely no difference to your coöperative."

In other words, the law is inoperative as it concerns coöperatives that wish to keep on dodging their income taxes—and I may add that the same law is equally inoperative in the pretense it makes to tax building and loan associations and mutual savings banks.

Europe Clears the Tracks for Peace

[Continued from page 16]

what of the human factor? Is it possible for peoples of different countries, separated not alone by political barriers, but by different customs, loyalties, and antipathies, to coöperate for the common good?

We who are active in unification of rail networks put great reliance on commonsense. We believe people will react favorably as they benefit from better transportation service at lower costs. Certainly steady employment and stabilized production, made possible by wider markets, will appeal to both workman and industrialist. And the housewife, though she may not be schooled in economic or political theory, will support with sentiment and vote a project that puts a greater variety of foods on her table both in and out of season.

Ancient antipathies and even hatred will vaporize before such reality, especially as the advantages of unified rail networks are seen in relation to a broader program of economic unity. Already a favorable psychology prevails among rail workers. They have daily proof of the importance of transportation and their experience with international runs has developed a "fraternal spirit of the profession." One could almost say they have accepted the motto of Dumas' immortal musketeers, "All for one and one for all."

Supported by this growing realization of the need for economic unification, France and Western Germany have deliberately liberated themselves from the past to pool their freight cars—something the cynic of a decade ago would have believed never possible. That this is but the beginning is demonstrated by the expansion of the pool to countries north to Denmark and south to Italy. Leaders of Government are proving their belief in the soundness of the idea, and all progress made thus far has been possible because of their support.

Rail transportation, it is clear, lies at the core of the problem of European accord. Airplanes, motor busses and trucks, barges and ships have been factors and will continue to be. But only

The answer to all questions I have raised will be made in Congress. To get action, the businessman must make as great a show of strength to the members of Congress as do the coöperative groups. Then the coöps and the other business tax-exempts will be taxed on all their earnings; other individual and business taxes will come down—and we shall have fairness at last in our tax system. It certainly isn't fair now.

the rails can bring freight to any part of the Continent without limit on weight, thus facilitating heavy shipments of ore, heavy machinery, industrial products, construction materials, foods, and other impedimenta of a progressing civilization. The power, regularity and celerity of service, and low costs put rails in a relation to our society comparable to that of roads to the ancient Roman empire.

But that is not all. It is the railroad that transports the masses. It alone can take care of the great exodus from cities at vacation time. With sleeping cars, it is an invitation for people to visit other lands and thereby exemplify Rotary's thesis, stated in its Object, that through encouraging and fostering "the development of acquaintance" men can advance "international understanding, goodwill, and peace."

That all Europe shall someday become a great community of friends is a dream long dreamed by poets and philosophers. Scoffers have said it never could be realized until human nature changed. Certainly it could not come to pass until the concept was brought from the ivory tower of the dreamers and translated into realistic projects by practical men. Even so, twice within our generation we have seen war all but cancel out gains toward unity previously made.

But once again the idea is on the march. We see it at work in chancelleries and in measures for common defense and on other fronts. But nowhere is it making greater progress than in rail transportation. That is why the discerning traveller in Europe these days will note with gratification the sign EUROP on the rolling stock. The humble boxcar, it can be said, points the way to a united Europe.

TRADE is a plant which grows wherever there is peace, as soon as there is peace, and as long as there is peace.

—Emerson

THE ROTARIAN

Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

Qualities That Count

FRANK PLASHA, *Rotarian*
Assistant Mgr., Industrial Relations
Henderson, Nevada

What are some of the personal qualities you should possess to be successful in industry or in any field of work? Not one of us has all these qualities, but they can be developed.

You should have *drive*. This is a modern word for old-fashioned ambition and hard work. . . . You should have qualities of *leadership*. A good employee who directs the work of others inspires confidence in his ability as a leader. . . . You should have *judgment*. You should *do* rather than to recite, to use facts rather than merely to memorize. . . . You should have abilities of effective *expression*. Many men and women fail to advance in industry because they cannot put over their ideas. . . . You should have *character*. Keep your word in little matters. . . . You should have *perseverance*. Remember that diamonds are chunks of coal that stuck to their job.—*From a high-school commencement address.*

'Don't Be Just a Sitter'

J. H. BAILEY, *Rotarian*
Transfer-Company Owner
Braucley, California

ROTARY MEMBERS

*You are a Rotary member,
A good one, I hope to say;
But do you just belong
To pass the time away?*

*What makes a Rotary Club
Is not the one that wears the seat,
But the ones that air their ideas
And get up on their feet.*

*Feel honored if they kid you:
That's no passing jest.
The boys they razz the hardest
Are the ones they like the best.*

*So attend the meetings regularly
And help with hand and heart.
Don't be just a sitter,
But take an active part!*

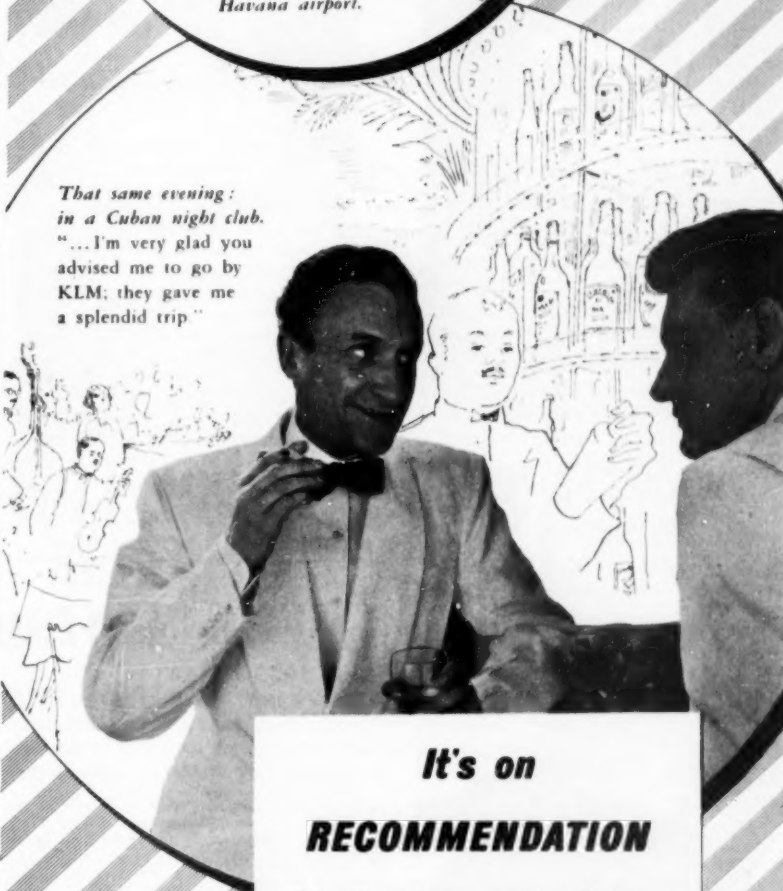
The Need of Fellowship

MARVIN W. KRIEGER, *Rotarian*
Executive Director
Chamber of Commerce
Johnson City, Tennessee

These days it seems the world has lost its sense of humor, and this is indeed dangerous. The world is snapping and snarling, one nation at another, and persons have developed a neurosis to such a point that good government has become undermined. Children all too often reflect a downright nasty disposition and even a crudeness reflecting the condition prevailing at home and school. Perhaps we have lost the art of conveying good humor, and I differentiate between the lewd story and the pleasant and laughable joke with a sharp and amusing



*Arrival at the
Havana airport.*



*That same evening:
in a Cuban night club.
"...I'm very glad you
advised me to go by
KLM; they gave me
a splendid trip."*

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6 x 9 1/2	8 1/2 x 11	11 x 8 1/2
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7 x 11	9 1/2 x 11 1/2	11 x 17

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point. We are suffering also from the loss of an ability to hold prolonged, interesting conversations. A British Rotarian speaks of it as a "loss of the artful tête-à-tête," meaning that the average group runs out of something to talk about in all too short a time. In fact, we have been accused of being dull when we run out of business chatter. This is true, unfortunately. We have neglected the cultural to a serious point. The Biblical reference that "man shall not live by bread alone" points up the importance of spiritual enlightenment and mental development. So, our fellowship at the meetings ties into education, good fun, good humor, and in the exchange of experiences with other business leaders.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Old-Age Antidote

DAVID CHURCHMAN TRIMBLE, *Rotarian Clergyman*
Prescott, Arizona

Certainly one of the antidotes to old age is having young friends. . . . If we would do a little teaching and mingle a bit more with those younger than ourselves, we might keep and look younger. Most parents leave the teaching of their offspring to others, sometimes to teachers they do not even know personally. Attend the average meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association. How many parents proportionately are there? Only a handful. Most U. S. parents are really not interested in what their children learn in the classroom of their schools or churches.

So take a class of boys or girls when your minister is next seeking out teachers for his Sunday school. Instruct a class of candidates of younger persons

in your lodge. Accept active leadership in your Scout troop or among younger people. The best way to learn to play golf is to play golf. The best way to learn to teach is to teach. Teaching and working with younger people will keep you young too!

On Walking in Blind Alleys

ROBERT STONEBACK, *Rotarian Banker*
Emmaus, Pennsylvania

I often wonder how many Rotarians throughout the world are walking in blind alleys. The entrance to them is alluring, but they lead to no Rotary objective.

Among the blind alleys is that of lonesomeness, where Paul Harris found himself, but being a pioneer he broke the exit through.

Then we have the blind alley of selfishness, when one stands alone and friendless, but the way out is through the door of service, where in bold relief against a happy sun we see the silhouettes of others.

So there are many other blind alleys in which we can find ourselves—among them, the blind alley of lack of knowledge of Rotary's objectives, causing us to miss our goal.

While Rotary's ideals have not failed of realization, we cannot say that we have reached the height of our ambition, due in some measure because we have failed to become saturated with our aims and objectives.

Our possibilities for the progress of mankind are infinite, and if we fail to keep our ideals ahead of us, we will no longer have the urge for advancement, and will retrogress and go down to ruin. Rotary should be a heart stimu-

For Action in PARIS

FIFTEEN Proposed Enactments and Resolutions to be considered at Rotary International's 1953 Convention in Paris, France, this month had been announced as this issue went to press.

The titles of these items of proposed legislation follow:

Proposed Enactments

To amend attendance credit provisions. (Proposed by the 1952 Conference District 54 [India].)

Relating to the establishment of "Rotary Branches." (Proposed by the Rotary Club of Dharwar, India.)

To provide for membership in a Rotary Club, the territorial limits of which include member's place of residence. (Proposed by the 1952 Conference District 268 [Pennsylvania].)

To provide for membership in a Rotary Club, the territorial limits of which include member's place of residence. (Proposed by the 1952 Conference District 268 [Pennsylvania].)

Relating to nomination of District Governor. (Proposed by the Rotary Club of Dharwar, India.)

Relating to the Object of Rotary. (Proposed by the Rotary Club of Dharwar, India.)

Relating to more than one Rotary Club

in a city. (Proposed by the Rotary Club of Dharwar, India.)

To provide that an unopposed candidate for Director in the United States or in Canada shall automatically become the Director-Nominee. (Proposed by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.)

To provide for the use of the single transferable vote in the election of officers at the Convention. (Proposed by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.)

To amend the provisions relating to the qualifications for active membership in a Rotary Club. (Proposed by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.)

To amend the provisions relating to exempting a Club from holding weekly meetings. (Proposed by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.)

Proposed Resolutions

To provide for expenditures from the corpus of the Rotary Foundation. (Proposed by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.)

Relating to attendance of past service and senior active members. (Proposed by the Rotary Club of London, England.)

To indicate the approval of the Convention of Rotary International to amendments to the Constitution of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland. (Proposed by the Annual Conference of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland.)

lant and not a mouth wash. For the most glorious victory is only the reflection of an inner fire.—From a Rotary Club address.

'Fellowship . . . Nourishes'

CHARLES N. COTTER, *Rotarian*
Realtor
Jamestown, New York

A group of seasoned men, time tested, true:
A group of average men like me and you,
Who pluck life's thistles, plant its flowers,
And thrill to mutual likes in meeting hours.
This is Rotary with man's equation shown:
A mighty force that out of faith has grown
Into a creed that satisfies men's souls
With doctrine which, if rightly lived, extols
The individual member, as supreme,
In work ordained as good, in life's great
scheme.

A doctrine which consistently decrees
That fellowship, in practice, always frees
The minds of men from thoughts that lead
to strife.

And nourishes the fruit of peaceful life:
That fellowship divorced from unctuous use
In practice urges actions that produce
The miracle, where Protestant and Jew
Each week, in trust, with Catholic renew
A brotherhood around the Rotary wheel:
A brotherhood that bears the Maker's seal.

—Extracted from Essay on Rotary in Rotary
Yours of the Rotary Club of Jamestown, New York.

'The Hand Extended to You'

WILLIAM T. ARDELL, *Rotarian*
Funeral Director
Conshohocken, Pennsylvania

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

The fortunes that are made and lost
Are nothing—don't you see?—
Compared with friendships you can
make

Attending Rotary.

The hand extended to you
As you come through the door
Has a warm and sincere feeling
That "gets you" more and more.
So try to make a habit,
When you see a stranger's face,
To hurry there to greet him
And show him to his place.
He may not be a "magnate"
Or a "big tycoon" in steel,
But the hearty welcome that you gave
Will surely make him feel
"Say, here's a Club, must be the hub
Of our great Rotary wheel!"

'Seven-Day-a-Week Job'

ARTHUR B. CLARKE, *Clergyman*
Secretary, Rotary Club
Harwich, Massachusetts

Rotary is a seven-day-a-week job. Your proficiency is to be demonstrated with other than a knife and fork. You are challenged to live by the high moral and ethical standards of Rotary. You have placed in your hands the good name of your Club and the international organization. People will judge Rotary by what you are. Guard zealously its good name, and strive earnestly to be not just a Rotarian in name only, but in deed and truth . . . finding fellowship and being a friend, giving that highest grade of "Service above Self." Then will you truly be a Rotarian . . . and you will know by joyous experience the truth of the poet:

For life is the mirror of king and slave,

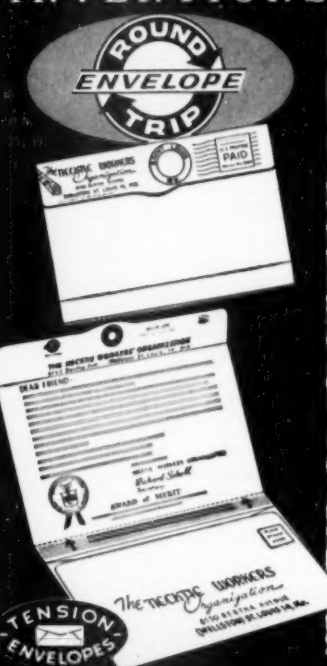
'Tis just what you are and do,

Then give to the world the best that you have,

And the best will come back to you.

—From a Rotary Club induction address.

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You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes.

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Take Along an Open Mind

Excerpts from an article in *THE ROTARIAN*
for November, 1936, by its late famed reviewer.

By **WILLIAM LYON PHELPS**

Late Professor at Yale University and Rotarian

I AM physically American, spiritually Christian, intellectually European.

I am satisfied with this triple outfit, and my only wish is not for change, but for development.

What preparedness for war means, and how much is necessary for "adequate defense," I don't know. Calvin Coolidge said it was possible to spend so much for defense that there might be nothing left to defend; but he was not a sentimentalist.

The preparedness I have in mind is the mental preparation desirable for a traveller from the New World who is about to travel in Europe. He does not need even a pistol; what he needs is to have his native intelligence supplemented by good reading, and goodwill toward men. Mark Twain's prescription of "ignorance and confidence" is all right in politics, but for the individual traveller it is not an asset.

I am reminded of the passage in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, where Johnson quoted the Spanish proverb, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him," and then added, "So it is in travelling; a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge."

Surely some wealth in the mind, while not so essential as some wealth in the pocket, is an advantage to a North American visitor in Europe.

Nearly all the religions of the world came out of Asia; and the best intellectual culture of the world came out of Europe. If we should lose both religious faith and the love of literature and the fine arts, what would become of civilization?

Technology, the numerous inventions of applied science, improved sanitation, eugenics, physical culture and athletics, an improved economic and financial system, could not save the world.

As Rotary's Convention . . . is to be held in Europe . . . Convention-going Rotarians individually should take along intelligence, intellectual preparedness, insatiable mental curiosity, and sympathetic understanding. Although the modern world is not at present in either a happy or a peaceful condition, it was never in a more "interesting" one; there is everything to learn. . . .

Despite national traits, characteristics, peculiarities, everyone knows that a gentleman from America feels more at home with a gentleman from Sweden, Italy, Germany, or anywhere than he does with a thug or a boor in his native land. Rotary International has brought about more desirable and agreeable acquaintances among men of different nationalities than has any other agency.

We go abroad to learn, and I suppose the best part of travelling comes after one returns home. The inconveniences and petty annoyances of the actual travelling fade out of the picture, and we remember the things that are worth remembering. . . .

Americans, it has been said, are the most amiable people in the world; we are famous everywhere for our hospitality. South, west, east, and north, Americans are hospitable. Very well. Then when we travel in Europe, let us take with us a hospitable mind, a mind ever open to new ideas and old places.

I had to laugh once when I was in a tennis tournament near Nice. There were two chaps from an English-speaking country who were in charge of the printing of the program for the tournament; they were reading the proof together, and as they complained of the errors, I heard one of them say to the other, "But what can you expect of these damned foreigners?"

It did not occur to them, first, that they were the foreigners and, second, that they were on the border of the Mediterranean Sea, the place where nearly all that is most precious in modern culture originated. Their minds were not hospitable.



Let's Learn FRENCH

LESSON NO. 4

AS YOU MAKE your way around Rotary's Convention city of Paris late in May, you're sure to find helpful people who speak English—usually. But comes the time in hailing a cab, or pricing perfume in a shop, when a few words of French come in handy.

These phrases won't solve all your problems, certainly. But used with the phrases in the first three French lessons from THE ROTARIAN, they may save you time.

Is there anyone here who speaks English?

Y a-t-il ici quelqu'un qui parle anglais?

Yahteel eesee kelkuhn kee pahrl ahnglay?

Where have you come from?

D'où venez-vous?

Doo v'nay voo?

Do you wish to go with me?

Voulez-vous aller avec moi?

Voolayvoo zallay ahvek mwah?

Where is the Convention post office?

Où est la poste de la convention?

Oo eh lah post duh lah cohnvahnsyon?

Where is the railway station?

Où est la gare?

Oo eh lah gahr?

Where is the Convention hall?

Où est la salle de convention?

Oo eh lah sahl duh cohnvahnsyon?

I don't understand.

Je ne comprends pas.

Zhuh nuh cohnprahn pah.

Please call a cab.

Appelez une voiture, s'il vous plaît.

Ahpellay-zeen vwahteer, seel voo play.

I am going to walk.

J'irai à pied.

Zheeray ah p'yay.

How far is it to . . . ?

Combien y a-t-il d'ici à . . . ?

Cumb'yen yahteel deesee ah . . . ?

I wish to buy . . .

Je voudrais acheter . . .

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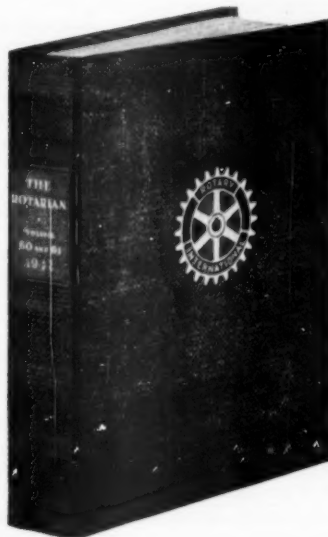
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 THESE kids riding around in old "Model T's"—I feel sorry for them. They're missing the real thrill of the bygone flivver era—the thrill of being around when your dad proved he could drive one and, not only that, keep one going.

A boy was really proud of his father in those days. I was—because we hadn't had our first Model T more than a week or so before my father had developed a new and impressive vocabulary filled with such words as "magneto," "spark," "gas," "neutral," "reverse band," and "commutator." And he'd shown us how he wouldn't get kicked if he cranked the thing with retarded spark and with his hand cupped so that his thumb was under the crank handle.

Soon he'd figured out how many red pills to put in a tank of gas for best mileage. These pills smelled like moth balls and were guaranteed to reduce engine knock, give quicker starting and more miles, and make motoring a joy.

At one time we had so many gas savers on our car that in cold weather it was almost impossible to get enough fuel through to start the thing.

There was a little gadget that latched onto the carburetor which fooled the engine into burning air instead of gas. The faster you went, the more air entered and the more gas you saved. If you wanted to know how you were saving gas, all you had to do was bob your head outside the car and listen to the air sizzling into the engine instead of gas.

Dad also loaded our Model T down with spark intensifiers, liquids that defrosted the windshield, sun visors, green gadgets that stuck to the windshield to cut down sun glare, special radiator caps, braces for the shaking fenders, luggage carriers, and locks for the spare tire, hood, and gasoline tank. The only things not locked down were the seat cushions.

Today Dad goes out to the garage, hops into the car, turns a key, moves a lever, steps on the gas, and out he backs. Any kids lining the driveway to cheer his feat? Nary a one. Why should there be?

But in my day when the head of the house strode to the garage, everybody gathered at the kitchen window to watch. Could he get it started?

Carefully adjusting the gas and spark levers just below the steering wheel, he'd take his stance in front of the honeycomb radiator and prepare to fill the four mighty cylinders with gas by turning the engine over a few times with the crank. With his left hand he'd work a little wire loop that projected through the radiator. This was called the "choke."

When satisfied that the motor was thoroughly gassed, he'd turn on the key

switch inside the car, then go back out front and give the crank a quick upward pull.

If all was as it should be, the motor would start to chug. By carefully timing himself on a cold morning, Dad could give the outside choke just enough to keep the hesitating engine going until he could race to the front seat and take over.

If the morning was really cold, Mother

They were MEN in those days...



would have a kettle of hot water ready to pour on that mysterious thing known as the manifold.

When finally, in a triumph of glory, the Model T went its way, trembling down the street, family pride in the head of the house reached its peak. Here was a man who knew his way around.

No, the kid of today is missing something—even if he owns a Model T: the thrill that comes from knowing that the father knows something about the unknown. I sometimes think that one of our modern social problems is created by the invasion of youth into realms that ought to be strictly adult.

You catch your 10-year-old daughter in your car. She has started the motor and is fingering the automatic gear shift. You arrive just in the nick of time.

Is your child proud of you when you seize the wheel and drive away?

You know the answer.

How can a child be proud of a father who does only what any child can do?

—S. STEVENS NEWTON
Rotarian, Arkansas City, Kans.

THE ROTARIAN

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Man of a Thousand Songs

[Continued from page 39]

played with him on the *Lusitania*, when Bill returned to America. That performer was Sir Harry Lauder. Lauder later recorded one of Dillon's songs, *The End of the Road*, and helped popularize it.

When Winston Churchill visited Scotland in the dark days of '42, he quoted this song, which he says is one of his favorites: *Keep right on to the end of the road*, he urged, in the words of the song.

It was at the height of his career that tragedy struck. While riding in a taxi in New York, Bill met with a near-fatal accident. A trolley car caused the taxi and Bill to be smashed against a pillar of the Elevated structure.

Taken to the hospital, little hope was held for his recovery. After three weeks there, part of his forehead had to be removed. The doctors assured him that it would not affect his voice, though it was his very life they were trying to save.

Finally Bill did recover—and at least regained his health. The resonance and depth of his once great voice were gone, however.

For about three years Bill stayed in show business. He hoped that practice would somehow make up for the lack of the natural "sounding board" that the doctors had been forced to remove. Though always a person of great vitality, the nervous strain became too much. In 1913 he gave up vaudeville and Tin Pan Alley, and retired to private life in Cortland. Show business was the business he knew, and with that gone he felt lost. Finally he decided to enter the construction business, as Cortland was a rapidly growing town with more housing needed. The business prospered as he built some 35 houses in Cortland.

Three years after giving up show business, he met the girl he had written about—the one "just like the girl that married dear old dad." He considers her the greatest thing that ever happened to him. Besides their own two children, they have raised eight others. The last one was recently graduated from college. Their foster family started when they offered to care for the child of a woman who worked for them when she became ill. In like manner their kindness continued with seven other children. "My song royalties paid for raising them," explains Bill.

In 1941, Fate struck another blow. Again it was an auto accident. Bill and Mrs. Dillon were seriously injured. He made a remarkable recovery from head injuries, but it was many weeks before his beloved Georgia was out of danger.

Later Bill accepted an invitation to



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan;
(RM) Rotary Month; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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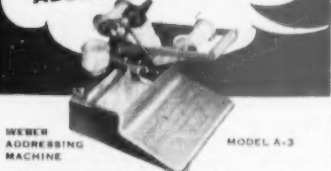
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play a theatrical engagement in Montreal, Quebec, on a goodwill tour. Within two days he returned to Ithaca, quite ill, and soon was rushed to the hospital with a blood clot on the brain, a result of the accident. He wasn't expected to live six hours.

But again Bill fooled everybody. The strong heart and lungs that years of singing, dancing, and athletic activity had developed refused to give up. He pulled through and once more regained his health.

Though now a sedate Ithaca businessman, he has appeared at many military-camp shows, and has lent his talents to various charity drives. In recent years he has appeared twice on the Milton Berle television show, still singing and hoofing with as great zeal as ever.

Today, at 75, Bill roller skates twice a week, besides swimming and dancing frequently. He still writes songs, too. "Just can't let a good idea go to waste," he says. On some of his songs he has collaborated with such famous names as Harry Tobias, Harry Carroll, and Harry

Von Tilzer (*I Want a Girl*). His *My Old Cornell* has probably been sung by everyone who has attended that university.

In a guest appearance at Carnegie Hall a few years ago, Bill was the final number on the program. Not knowing just what was expected of him, he changed the formal routine of the program and presented his own comedy skit, much to the delight of the audience. "A little laugh is never out of place," says Bill.

Coupled with his song writing, Bill does some prose writing, too. A collection of anecdotes he wrote about his life, *Life Doubles in Brass*, was published in 1944. "But songs are what I really like to do," he says, and his most recent one, a collaboration, is *If I'm Not What You Ordered*.

On his past record, and considering his zest for life, fun, and music, it may well be that America's "Hit Parade" will one of these days include a song by Will Dillon, the "man with a thousand songs."

Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

this Rotary effort became a civic one, and it was known as the Bath-Alkmaar Adoption Appeal Fund, with Rotary of Bath as the main committee.

Naturally, our Dutch friends, who were very grateful, wished to show their appreciation of our actions. The Burgomaster of Alkmaar at that time, F. H. van Kinschott, who had himself had to hide during the whole of the occupation, came to this city to offer the thanks of Alkmaar to the citizens of Bath and to Rotary. The freedom of the city of Alkmaar was conferred upon the city of Bath, and also the Rotary Club of Bath. I too had this great honor conferred upon me, and I am proud to feel I am the only Englishman with the freedom of a Dutch town.

Further to show their appreciation, H. M. Queen Wilhelmina consented to the naming of the principal bridge in Alkmaar as the "Bath Brug" (Bath Bridge). That is the bridge in the foreground of the photograph on the cover. If you look closely, halfway up, you will see on each pillar a small shield. On the right pillar is the colored coat-of-arms of the city of Bath; on the left, that of Alkmaar. These shields were made in my works, and I presented them to Alkmaar when I visited there in 1945 to receive my freedom of the city, and officially to open the bridge as the Bath Brug.

Since 1945, Rotary has done much in the way of youth exchanges between the two cities; official visits on both sides by Burgomaster and Mayor; games of football, hockey, and swimming between teams, in both Alkmaar and Bath. Re-

cently the Rotary Club of Bath sent £50 to the Rotary Club of Alkmaar for the Dutch flood-relief fund. So the good work continues—so good, that three or four marriages have taken place between young Alkmaarians and Bathonians!

Flying Service Follow-up

From CHARLES H. KNOTT, *Rotarian Surgeon Cairns, Australia*

By this time, Rotarians of the world will be better acquainted with the Cairns Ambulance Brigade as a result of the article *Service in the Sky*, by



A salvage drive pays off (see letter).

Frank Moody [THE ROTARIAN for February]. As Rotarian Moody pointed out, this work is carried out on a voluntary basis.

Recently the Community Service Committee of the Cairns Rotary Club inaugurated a week's salvage drive as part of its activities to enlist the help of citizens in cleaning up the city and all usable scrap, such as metals and bottles, were sold and a check for £117 from the salvage company was presented [see photo] to the superintendent of the Cairns Ambulance Brigade, Tom Briggs (left), by the Committee Chair-



Put away, the Checkerette stores like a folding chair. Needed, it can be carried to the spot and set up in a few minutes, without tools. Made of heavy gauge steel and durably constructed, it stands rigid in use. Two hat shelves and 4-foot bar for coat hangers (or 32 straddle hooks) that can be assembled at heights for children, adults or long robes. Ideal for schools, churches, factories, offices, homes, coffee shops—for parties, luncheon groups—for stand-by or permanent installations.



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man, Klein Mazlin. Club President Jack Watkins (right) reflects the happiness all of us felt.

'Christian Huber Would Agree!'

Believes CLYDE BEALE, Rotarian
Agricultural Extension Service
Editor

University of Florida
Gainesville, Florida

I think Christian Huber would agree wholeheartedly with the views of Ernest Poll, as expressed in *Your Letters* in THE ROTARIAN for April. Rotarian Poll, as readers will recall, came to America five years ago, and he has had ample opportunity to see democracy at work in his community.

And who is Christian Huber? He is a young man from Vienna, Austria, who is studying at the University of Florida under the auspices of the Rotary Club of Gainesville and the International Research Fund. Because of the efforts of George Baughman, Chairman of the Gainesville Rotary Club's United Nations Committee, and Latham Davis, Club President, Christian was able to come to the U.S.A. The reason I say he would agree with Rotarian Poll is based on this excerpt from a communication in which he was giving some of his impressions of America:



Huber

What I enjoy most is the honesty and fairness in daily life and the trend to give everybody a good chance to start his life. I found very quickly that the individual here in the United States, in his desires and attitudes toward everyday life, really is not very different from the peoples of other countries. I have been very much impressed with the great optimism of Americans. Many times I have listened and have taken part in discussions on public life and in family groups on problems of common interest, and in these everybody has been heard and has been given his chance. Even if sometimes they cannot agree, everyone is able to express the power and value of his own personality. That is democracy at work, as I understand it. I do not think there is a more healthy manifestation of a nation's welfare.

Scouts Enlisted

By W. IRVING DAVIS, Rotarian
Magazine-Agency Proprietor
Chester Pike, Pennsylvania

I agree with Murray Teigh Bloom that the teen-agers should be enlisted in community projects [Enlist the Teens!, THE ROTARIAN for March]. In the annual Boy Scout financial campaigns which I help head up I use Scouts to deliver my letters—sent to prepare the recipients for the calls of volunteer solicitors and to provide advance information. I do it, first, to save postage and, second, to let the boys do their good deed and to make them know that they have helped to make the campaigns successful.

Declining Volleyballer

*I used to leap up high and swat
The ball right down that sideline slot.
But now I have no cause for fret
If I can get it o'er the net.*

—PHIL F. CARSPACKEN, JR.



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The Rotarian
35 E. WACKER DR., CHICAGO 1, ILL.

*293,000 average net paid for 6 months ending June 30, 1952.

HOBBY *Hitching Post*

WHEN Spring comes to his part of the world, as it now has, ROTARIAN SIGURD A. JOHNSON, of St. Louis Park, Minnesota, answers the woodland call of his seasonal hobby. It's an outdoor pursuit—and a tasty one—and here is the story of it by his daughter, CAROL ADAIR JOHNSON.

SOON after Spring's annual bow, when forests wear a mantle of white and only the song of Winter birds and the rippling rivulets of melted snow are heard, my dad, SIGURD JOHNSON, starts packing for his yearly jaunt to the North Woods. His destination is his camp on the shore of one of Minnesota's largest lakes, Mille Lacs, and his thoughts are of maple sirup boiling in sizzling-hot pans.

It's Dad's hobby—cooking maple sirup—and he says that his enjoyment of it goes back to his childhood on a farm in southern Minnesota. In those days, he recalls, he often joined his five older brothers when they would pitch a tent in the woods, tap some maple trees, and hang their buckets to catch the sap for sirup. It was on those woodland excursions that he learned how to turn maple sap into flavorful sirup, and it was then he began dreaming of the day when he would have a fully equipped camp for doing it every year.

A few years ago Dad made his boyhood dream come true. A home builder in St. Louis Park, Minnesota, a suburb of Minneapolis, he decided to take advantage of a brief slack period in his business in early Spring by going to the woods to make sirup. His camp on Mille Lacs is just 120 miles from the city, and consists of a large year-round cabin and another building used only in the Spring for making sirup.

Work in the sugar bush starts with the first trickling of sap in the maple trees. Equipment not used during the Winter is brought out and washed, 250 pails and tree taps are sorted, and wood is cut and stacked building high to keep the fires going under the pans. A stable is built for a horse Dad rents and a supply of oats and hay is put in. His glass jars, strainers, and boilers he brings with him from home. To get all the preliminary work done takes just about a week.

Along about the first week in April, the process begins. It is then that you hear the sound of an ax against wood, of sap dripping into tin buckets, and of a sled breaking through the brush. Soon the camp is redolent with the sweet smell of boiling sap and the chary smoke of the roaring fires.

Dad begins by tapping the maples, inserting spigots, and hanging pails on them. He taps about 200 trees in all, and soon thereafter he begins collecting sap in a huge barrel mounted on sled runners drawn by his horse. On days

when the sun is warm after a frost, the sap runs in an almost steady stream, making three trips a day necessary to keep the pails from overflowing. When his collecting barrel is full, it is emptied into a storage tank that stands outside the sugar building. The sap is then piped in through the wall to a six-by-four-foot flat pan set on cement blocks. Another pan is placed a step below the first one for the final sugaring-off process. A fire is kept going under the pans all the time.

When the sap reaches the second pan, Dad watches it constantly because there it burns quickly. Too much boiling makes it dark and gummy, instead of



Johnson

the clear amber red that is the sign of good maple sirup. When heated enough, the pan is taken off the fire pit and the sirup emptied into old-fashioned boilers, which are put on a wood stove for additional heating. The final process comes

when the foam is skimmed off, and the sirup that remains is strained through long conical-shaped felt bags to remove all impurities. It is then poured into pint and quart jars while still boiling hot.

From tree tapping to canning is a lot of work, a fact best realized when you consider that from 32 to 40 gallons of sap must be boiled down to make one gallon of sirup. Last season Dad canned 80 gallons of maple sirup, and to do so he had to collect some 3,000 gallons of sap, keep fires going for days, and keep an eye on the pans constantly. Mother helped him whenever she could, but he did most of the work himself.

Dad's friends in the city, Rotarians and non-Rotarians, all know about his hobby, and hardly a day passes while he is in camp without someone stopping by to see how things are going. Usually these visitors end up with a pail in their hands as they go from tree to tree gathering sap. But mostly they spend their time in the sugar building, eating fresh white bread soaked in hot sirup and roasting marshmallows over the red coals. Dad likes to have his city neighbors drop in, and enjoys explaining to them just what is going on.

As the season for making sirup draws to an end—a time that comes when the days turn warm and there are no night frosts and the sap stops running—Dad begins the job of cleaning up the camp. Spigots are taken out of the trees, buckets are washed, the horse is returned to his owner, and all equipment is stored in the sugar building until next year. It is during these last days that he takes the time to sit in the

cabin in front of the fire and relax. He agrees that his hobby is hard work, but he enjoys every minute of it and it keeps him in top physical condition. Many of his fellow Rotarians envy his trim waistline!

Dad isn't alone in the matter of liking his hobby. His friends like it, too—especially when they're enjoying some of his pure maple sirup on hot pancakes!

What's Your Hobby?

If you have one—and without doubt you have—why not drop **THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM** a note telling him of it? He'll list your name one of these months if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family. His only request is that you acknowledge correspondence.

Postcards; Postal Folders: Marilyn Butler (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects postcards and postal folders; will exchange for those of other countries), 252 Warren Ave., Kenmore 23, N. Y., U.S.A.

Stamps: Henry V. De Haven (desires to exchange cancelled stamps with Rotarians of other countries), 106-110 W. Gay St., West Chester, Pa., U.S.A.

Digest; Discipline: A. Otis Beach (interested in collecting old copies of *The Reader's Digest* (1922-1926) and *Methodist Discipline* (1892 and pre-1880)), 425 W. 4th St., Holton, Kans., U.S.A.



Before canning his self-cooked sirup, Rotarian Johnson strains it through felt bags to produce an impurity-free product. The jars stand on the table ready for filling. . . . (Right) Mrs. Johnson gives her husband a hand at collecting maple sap on his 40 acres.

Pencils: Harold M. Lord (father of Rotarian—interested in collecting pencils of all kinds from different parts of the world), Lord Funeral Home, 25 Pleasant St., Skowhegan, Me., U.S.A.

Sheet Music: Ralph H. Johansen (collects popular sheet music published prior to 1930; wishes correspondence with Rotarians similarly interested), 506 N. Prior Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn., U.S.A.

Stamps: Richard W. Spurge (collects stamps; interested in correspondence with Rotarians in all countries except Great Britain), "Heather Cottage," 2 Lee Grove, Chigwell, England.

Pen Pals: The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

Aroha Anderson (17-year-old niece of Rotarian—wishes letters from young people; interested in sports, dancing, geography), P. O. Box 80, Te Kuiti, New Zealand.

Nancy Whitby (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—will welcome pen friends of same age; interested in stamps, reading, film stars), 80 Georgina Ave., Halleybury, Ont., Canada.

M. D. Sharma (15-year-old nephew of Rotarian—desires pen friends; interests include reading, letter writing, movies, shipping, sports), G.P.O. Box 262, Suva, Fiji Islands.

Joan Errey (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like correspondence with

young people aged 15-19 throughout the world), Wright St., Camperdown, Australia.

Connie Abbruscato (daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen friends aged 13-15; interested in sports, popular music, movie stars, picture postcards, postmarks, photography), 240 Hazel Ave., Westfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Kenneth Keyes, Jr. (16-year-old son of Rotarian—would like to correspond with young people in U.S.A. and other English-speaking countries; interested in music, race horses, motorcars, movies), 63 Hamburg Ave., Sussex, N. J., U.S.A.

Edda Thorlaelus (18-year-old stepdaughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people aged 18 or over; collects scarves), Oddleirargata 26, Akureyri, Iceland.

Manmohan Kumar (20-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with youths in every country; interested in photography, magazines, music, sports), 1, Butler Hostel, Lucknow University, Lucknow, India.

Peggy Willams (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires correspondence with young people; interests include stamps, music, sports), 1515 Ann St., Beaufort, N. C., U.S.A.

Jerome C. Libarnes (14-year-old nephew of Rotarian—would like to correspond with young people; interested in stamp collecting, photographs, movies, country views, Scouting), 120 San Jose St., Dumaguete City, The Philippines.

Alice N. Orosa (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires correspondence with girls of same age in U.S.A., Canada, and other



countries; collects stamps and photos), Bauan, Batangas, The Philippines.

Kalyan Kumar Mitra (19-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people, especially in U.S.A.; interested in economics, political science, reading, sports, photography), 26A, Hardinge Road, Patna, India.

Teresita S. Perez (16-year-old niece of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with young people; collects pins, key holders, pencils of different schools), 151 Urgello Private Road, Cebu City, The Philippines.

Deane Royce Rebbe (son of Rotarian—wants to correspond with 13-year-old Boy Scout living outside the U.S.A. who plans to attend the Boy Scout National Jamboree in California next Summer; collects matchbooks and mouthpieces for bugles, cornets, trumpets), 643 Ave. G, Powell, Wyo., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

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Stripped GEARS



My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. Here is a favorite of Sol Blank, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Mount Carmel, Illinois.

It was in the horse-and-buggy days before the age of the sports commentator. A resident of Indiana had left a hotly contested ball game when the score was nothing to nothing in the seventh inning. As he drove through Main Street, he was hailed by a storekeeper with: "How's the score, Captain?" His reply was accurate and picturesque. "Nary-one's got ary-one yet!" he yelled.

I'm Helpful in My Fashion

I rarely help you with a chore,
As you, my dear, have found.
Indeed, though you have work galore,
I choose to sit around.

I'm lazy—that I can't deny—
But don't you think it's nice
To have a husband sitting by
Who's handy with advice?

—RICHARD WHEELER

Who Got Where First?

The names of the great discoverers and travellers in the first paragraph will be familiar to you. The names of the places in the second paragraph will also be familiar. But can you link the name of each of the men with the place he discovered?

1. The Philippines. 2. Upper Mississippi. 3. Australia. 4. North Pole. 5. Congo Basin. 6. New Zealand. 7. Canada. 8. South Pole. 9. Source of Missouri. 10. Mexico and Lower California. 11. Pacific. 12. New England Coast. 13. Greenland. 14. India via Cape of Good Hope. 15. Peru.

(a) Amundsen. (b) Balboa. (c) Cabot. (d) Cortes. (e) Eric the Red. (f) Lief Ericson. (g) Gama. (h) Lewis and Clark. (i) Magellan. (j) Marquette. (k) Peary. (l) Pizarro. (m) Stanley. (n) Tasman. (o) Torres.

This quiz was submitted by Gerard Mosler, of Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

Where Are They?

Here are 15 well-known places. Are they well known to you? If so, where are they?

1. Sherwood Forest. 2. Mount Etna.

3. Diamond Head. 4. Blue Grotto. 5. Black Forest. 6. Fertile Desert. 7. Finger Lakes. 8. Sugar Loaf Mountain. 9. Fujiyama. 10. Great Barrier Reef. 11. Blarney Stone. 12. Halfaya Pass. 13. Juan de Fuca Strait. 14. Cape of Good Hope. 15. Mont-Saint-Michel.

This quiz was submitted by Will Barker, of Washington, D. C.

The answers to these quizzes will be found in the next column.

Twice Told Tales

"Look here, waiter! I found a hair in the turtle soup."

"Well, well, so the turtle and the hair finally came in together."—*The Fairmonter*, FAIRMONT, NORTH CAROLINA.

A farmer was telling his lawyer about the dispute he was having with a neighbor over the proper location of a boundary line. Carefully he went over every detail, and finally awaited an opinion.

"I don't see how you can lose this," said the man of the law. "The precedents on a matter like that go right back to the colonial courts. My fee for handling the matter would be \$10 for my opinion and \$40 for the court work. I think—in fact, I am sure—that there won't be any appeal."

Slowly the farmer got up, extracted

his wallet from a pocket, laid a \$10 bill on the desk, and turned to go.

"Don't you want to go ahead with this?" the lawyer asked.

"I don't see how I can," was the moody reply. "I was giving you my neighbor's case."—*The Rotecho*, MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

"Hey, you! Pull over!" shouted the traffic officer. The lady driver complied, and next day the judge fined her \$25. She went home in great anxiety lest her husband, who always examined her check book, should learn of the incident. Then inspiration struck, and she marked the check stub, "One pull-over, \$25."—*Spokes & Spokes*, NEENAH, WISCONSIN.

"Hello, Brown, are you using your skates tonight?"

"Yes, I am afraid that I am."

"Splendid, then you won't mind lending me your tux."—*The Rotary Fellow*, HIGHLAND PARK, MICHIGAN.

The world is filled with willing people: some willing to work, the rest willing to let them.—*Spokes*, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Unfit to Be Tied

In every home that I have been

There is a place allotted

For strands of string to be put in—
Or taken out all knotted.

—LEONARD K. SCHIFF

Answers to Quizzes

1. France. 2. Off Vancouver Island. 3. South Africa. 4. 13. 5. Australia. 6. Ireland. 7. Egypt. 8. Japan. 9. United States. 10. Brazil. 11. Germany. 12. Hawaii. 13. Cape of Good Hope. 14. Mont-Saint-Michel. 15. Blue Grotto. 16. Diamond Head. 17. Sugar Loaf Mountain. 18. Fujiyama. 19. Great Barrier Reef. 20. Blarney Stone. 21. Halfaya Pass. 22. Juan de Fuca Strait. 23. Cape of Good Hope. 24. Mont-Saint-Michel. 25. Blue Grotto. 26. Diamond Head. 27. Sugar Loaf Mountain. 28. Fujiyama. 29. Great Barrier Reef. 30. Blarney Stone. 31. Halfaya Pass. 32. Juan de Fuca Strait. 33. Cape of Good Hope. 34. Mont-Saint-Michel. 35. Blue Grotto. 36. Diamond Head. 37. Sugar Loaf Mountain. 38. Fujiyama. 39. Great Barrier Reef. 40. Blarney Stone. 41. Halfaya Pass. 42. Juan de Fuca Strait. 43. Cape of Good Hope. 44. Mont-Saint-Michel. 45. Blue Grotto. 46. Diamond Head. 47. Sugar Loaf Mountain. 48. Fujiyama. 49. Great Barrier Reef. 50. Blarney Stone. 51. Halfaya Pass. 52. Juan de Fuca Strait. 53. 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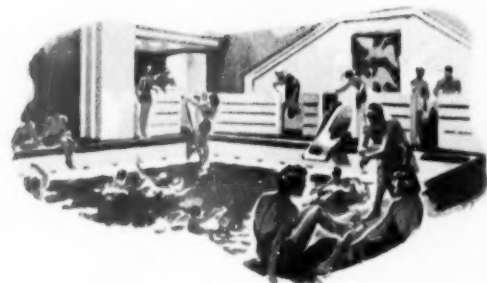
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